



THE

Tatler

HENRY MOORE AT HOME

& Bystander 2s. weekly 9 Nov. 1960



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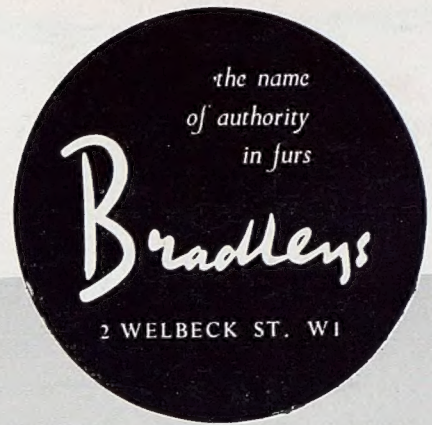
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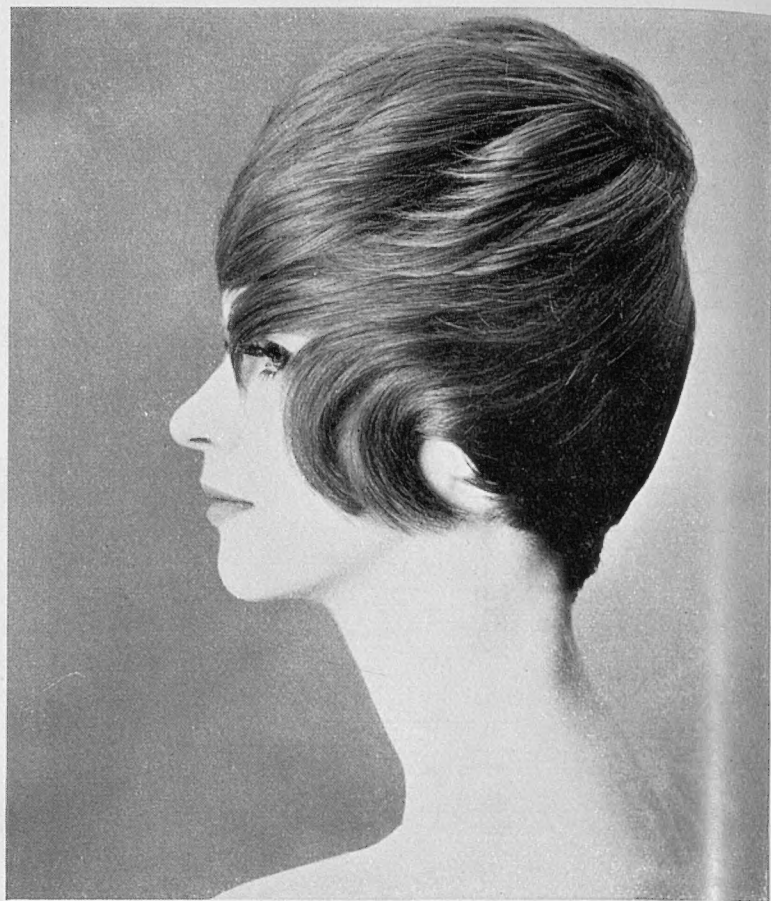
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THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXXXVIII Number 3089

9 NOVEMBER 1960

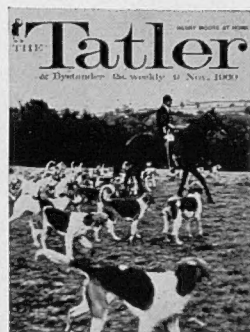
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INGRAM HOUSE 13-15 JOHN ADAM STREET
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BRRR, BRRR, BRRR BUSY LINE



Hunting is here again, and DESMOND RUSSELL'S picture shows the Heythrop Master, Capt. R. E. Wallace, with hounds. The distinctive green, such a change from pink, is shared by the Duke of Beaufort's, from which the Heythrop derives. The green was the duke's traditional livery. Hunting began rather later than usual this year, but one of the first hunts to start was the East Kent, whose opening meet is reported in this issue

A READER asks: Why don't you publish readers' letters?

Answer: Most of our readers who want to say something seem to do it by telephone—and the conversations can hardly be taped. But here are some of the recent inquiries and comments that have led people to dial TRAFALGAR 7020. *Question:* Why doesn't John Baker White report an entirely different batch of restaurants every week? *Answer:* Because it's humanly impossible for any man who respects his stomach to eat sample meals every day of the week (remember that for every place he recommends he may try two others that he doesn't like).

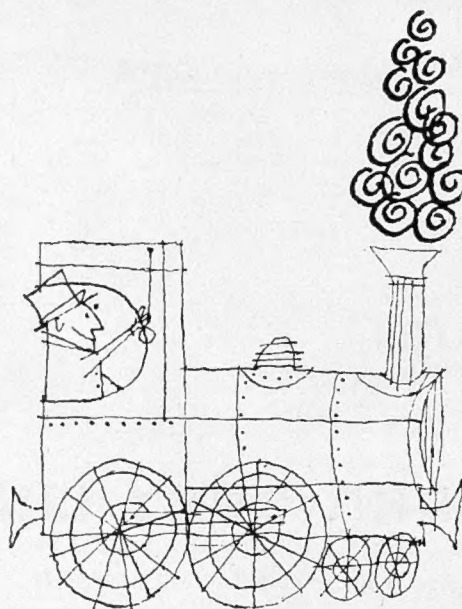
Also, it would be unfair to dismiss with a once-for-all mention a restaurant that consistently maintains its standards. So, often repeats are unavoidable. . . . *Question:* Do you publish Graham's Briggs cartoons in book form? *Answer:* No, none of The TATLER's regular features are republished. The only way to preserve them is to keep the issues in a special binder or get them bound and indexed (particulars from the Publishing Dept.). . . . *Question:* Can you give me the name and address of the blonde model in the black dress in this week's fashion—I think I know her? *Answer:* Sorry, no addresses of anybody in the issue can be supplied, but letters will be forwarded where possible. . . . *Question:* Why are the record reviews only about jazz—what about serious music? *Answer:* New jazz records are new pieces of music, new classical records are usually just new recordings of well-known pieces of music. So Gerald Lascelles covers jazz by reviewing records and Spike Hughes covers serious music with his periodical articles. . . .

Which leaves so little room for this week's features that the issue had better be left to speak for itself. It will not be found lacking, or so the view is in this office—but if anyone disagrees, the telephone will no doubt soon be ringing. . . .

Next week: Stripes that score. . . .

P S: Out this week, The TATLER's annual **Christmas Number!** It's an extra issue, and this year the whole thing is devoted to the one aspect of Christmas that continues all the year round: show time. There are articles by leading personalities, marvellous photographs, drawings, pages and pages of colour, and *all* about show business in Britain. It's an outstanding issue, the kind you'll want to keep long after this Christmas is past. It costs 3s. 6d. and it's on sale on Friday.

SIRIOL CLARRY



GOING PLACES

SOCIAL

Men of the Year Luncheon, 11 November, at the Savoy, for the British Council for Rehabilitation. Tickets 3 gns., from Mr. C. Scott-Paton, swi 2019.

Cotswold Hunt ball, Plough Hotel, Cheltenham, 11 November.

Bicester & Warden Hill autumn dance, Edgecote Park, 11 November.

Lord Mayor's Show, 12 November.

Charity view of paintings by Cézanne, Gauguin, Modigliani, &c., & English & Foreign Silver, 15 November, at Sotheby's, for the Royal College of Nursing. Tickets 7s. 7d., from the Appeals Secretary, R.C.N., or at the door.

Fashion (John Cavanagh) Gala & Cocktail Dance, 15 November, at Londonderry House, for the Children's Country Holidays Fund. Tickets 3 gns., from Mrs. William Harris, 18 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

International Ball, 16 November, at the Dorchester, for the United Nations Association. Tickets 3 gns., from Miss P. Jowitt, 25 Charles St., W.1.

Charity Matinée of "The Amorous Prawn" (to be attended by the Queen Mother), 17 November, at the Saville Theatre, for the Searchlight Cripples Workshops and the Chailey Heritage Craft Schools & Hospital. Tickets from Mrs. M. Clarke, 59 Stanhope Gdns., S.W.7.

CHRISTMAS FAIRS

Exhibition & Sale of Highland Home Industries, 14 to 26 November, at the Tea Centre, 22 Lower Regent Street, S.W.1.

International Fete, 15 November, 10 a.m. to 9 p.m., at Royal Albert Hall, for the Save the Children Fund.

R.S.P.C.A. Christmas Market, 16 & 17 November, at Seymour Hall, W.1.

Swedish Christmas Fair, 18 November, 11 a.m. to 7 p.m., at the Swedish Hall, Harcourt St., W.1, for the Swedish Church Funds.

Christmas Fair, 30 November, at Londonderry House, for the Greater London Fund for the Blind.

SPORT

Race meetings: Manchester, 10-12 (November Handicap, 12); Hereford, Carlisle, 10; Cheltenham, Lingfield Park, 11-12; Wetherby, 12; Birmingham, 14-15; Plumpton, 14; Worcester, 16 November.

Motoring: R.A.C. International Rally, Blackpool—Brands Hatch, 21-26 November.

Rugby: London Counties v. South Africa, Twickenham, 12 November; Glasgow & Edinburgh v. South Africa, Glasgow, 16 November; South of Scotland v. South Africa, Hawick, 19 November.

Angling: Margate Pier Festival, 19, 20 November.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *Der Rosenkavalier* (last perf. of season), 7 p.m. tonight; *Macbeth* (first perf. of season), 7.30 p.m., 10 November; *Peter Grimes* (first perf. of season) 17 November, 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Sadler's Wells Opera. *The Marriage of Figaro* (first perf. of season), 7.30 p.m., tonight. (TER 1672/3.)

Royal Festival Hall. Fou T'Song piano recital, 8 p.m., tonight; *Sea-Bird Summer* colour film, 3 p.m., 12 November; *Oscar Wilde & His Contemporaries*, with Beatrix Lehmann, Richard Ainley & Eric Hope (piano), 7.15 p.m., 13 November. (WAT 3191.)

ART

Sir Matthew Smith Memorial Exhibition, Royal Academy, Burlington House, Piccadilly W.1, until 11 December. (See review by Alan Roberts in "Galleries," page 362.)

The Mysterious Sign (modern paintings from 1913), I.C.A. Gallery, Dover Street, W.1, until 3 December.

Old Dutch & Flemish Masters, Alfred Brod Gallery, 36 Sackville Street, W.1, until Saturday.

EXHIBITIONS

London Medical Exhibition, R.H.S. New Hall, Westminster, 14-18 November.

Christmas Exhibition of Fine Crafts,

Crafts Centre, Hay Hill. To January.

Cycle & Motor Cycle Show, Earl's Court, 12-19 November.

FESTIVALS

Schubert Festival, Nottingham, 14 November-11 December.

Harrogate Drama Festival, 14-19 November.

Shakespeare Season, Stratford-on-Avon, ends 26 November.

FIRST NIGHTS

Piccadilly Theatre. *Toys In The Attic*. 10 November.

Theatre Royal, Stratford, E. *Progress To The Park*. 16 November.

Royalty Theatre. Antonio. 30 November.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 358.

A Man For All Seasons. "... difficult

stage biography done honestly and with a quiet distinction... quietly compelling... much to enjoy." Paul Scofield, Andrew Keir, Leo McKern. (Globe, GER 1592.)

Waiting In The Wings. "... retired actresses trying to get on with each other in a home run by public charity... Mr. Coward has supplied, if not good scenes, then many good lines." Sybil Thorndike, Marie Löhr, Lewis Casson, Mary Clare. (Duke of York's, TEM 5122.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 359.

The Millionairess. "... beautifully directed... the sets are splendid... excellent performances." Sophia Loren, Peter Sellers, Alastair Sim. (Carlton, WHI 3711.)

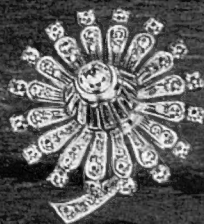
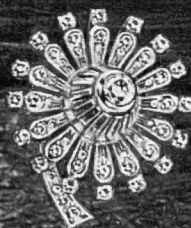


MALCOLM AIRD

RIDING THE CREST of France's new wave Francois Truffaut, who directed the successful *Les quatre coups* (*The Four Hundred Blows*), was in London with his wife for the first showing at the London film festival of his second film *Tirez Sur Le Pianiste* (*Shoot at the Pianist*)



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GOING PLACES LATE

Douglas Sutherland



WITH CHEAPER AIR FARES (RETURN B.E.A. £27, by Comet in 1 hr. 20 minutes), Nice becomes an attractive late-night alternative for commuting Londoners. Britons who make Nice their winter home are even more happily placed and the city's hoteliers and restaurateurs are cheerfully counting the takings after a season filled with signs and portents for an even brighter future. You can discount, incidentally, the gloomy stories of the Riviera being ruined by rain and high prices. Whatever went wrong with the weather for a short spell (and cunningly they don't keep rainfall figures) more people flocked to the golden coast this year than ever before.

The tourist revival, the influx of first-time visitors who'll come again, and the return (to some extent) of the Big Spenders provides a concrete basis for a big development plan which, paradoxically, is carrying Nice speedily back into the past. Let's begin at the Negresco where the director, Mr. Charles Girard, boldly claims that for him the past is his future.

This magnificent hotel, founded by a one-time gypsy violinist, had its golden age in 1912-20. Three years ago it was taken over by M. Paul Augier, a lawyer who determined to recreate the period no matter what it cost. The job is still only half done but three weeks after the official end of the season not one of the 220 rooms is vacant. This in spite of profuse apologies at the complete absence of a main kitchen; the old one has been ripped out. The new one, vast and magnificent, and still under the command of chef

Latapie, opens in early December. The restaurant, too, is being redesigned, with a 1910-ish décor, and redecoration of the bedrooms is almost complete. Price of one of the new double rooms with balcony and a view over the bay: 80 new francs, including taxes.

Just off the Promenade des Anglais, strategically placed between Barclays Bank and the English church, is another establishment looking forward to the old days. The Glue Pot is a bar where Frenchmen are as rare as Tibetans at Boodles. Louis, whose grandfather started the place in 1878, ships in large quantities of Bass and Guinness, and will cheerfully serve warm beer if that is what the customer wants (and he sometimes does). His exclusively English clientele insist to his amazement, on drinking Pernod AFTER dinner; but then his own eccentricity is to holiday in London in November. "The English people we are getting here are more like the people my father used to have in the bar," says Louis. "Britons abroad are recovering something of the old grand manner."

Eating in Nice is no problem—there is a bewildering profusion of restaurants, each with a little touch of individuality. One I strongly recommend is a hard-to-find place in the Old Town; Da Bouttau, in the Place Halles aux Herbes (take a four-franc taxi from the Promenade). It is one of the few places which specialises in a traditional Nioise cuisine, a curious and delightful combination of southern French and northern Italian, with the best of both. Carved into and written on the walls are the names of famous



The hotel Negresco—a new style old look

and satisfied customers back to 1860. With local vin rosé, liqueurs and four memorable courses, the bill for two will be a reasonable 30 new francs.

Just along the coast, and making no pretence at all about "reasonable" prices, is a late-night spot that is rapidly becoming one of the most exclusive restaurants on the Côte



C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

The Edwardian, 8 Harriet Street, Lowndes Square. (BEL 3969.) C.S. One of London's newest small restaurants, and one of the most sumptuous. Supervised by Jacques Lestrade, it has been designed to make pretty women look their best. The food is rich, with veal and hot lobster among the specialities, and all is of a high standard. Naturally, it is not cheap. Dinner, with wine, costs about 35s. to 40s. per head. Licensed to midnight. W.B.

Royal Court Theatre Club, Sloane Square. C.S. (SLO 2669.) For those who want to dance late, and eat and drink well in pleasant surroundings and company, without having to see their bank manager in the morning, membership of this club is about the best bet in London. Entrance fee £1 1s., subscription the same amount, and no guest fees. Mr.

GOING PLACES TO EAT

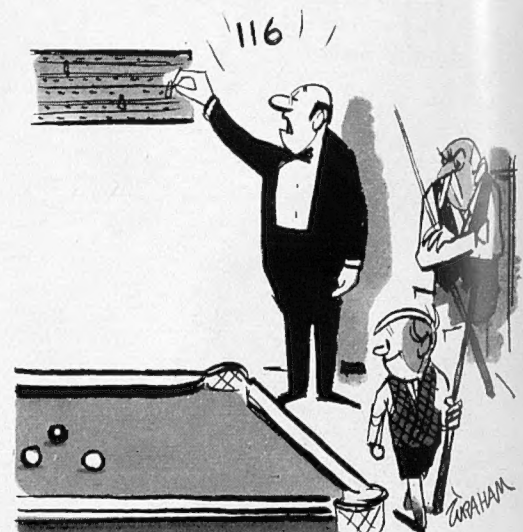
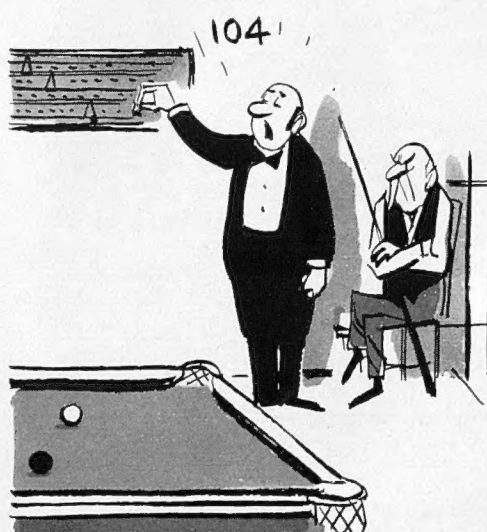
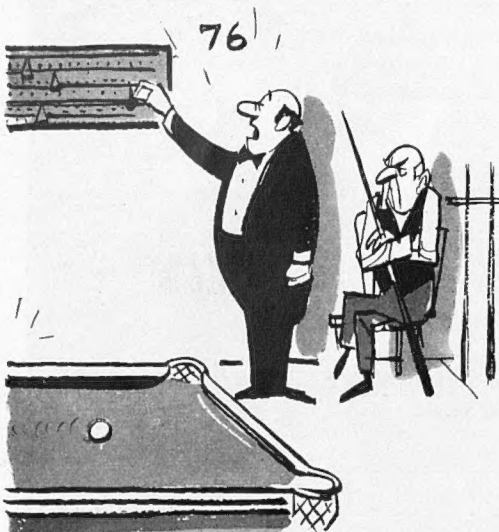
John Baker White

Clement Freud maintains a high standard of cooking, and the wines are good, especially the hocks. Prices of both are most reasonable by late-night standards. The band is good and the entertainers witty. Prior application for membership is essential. W.B.

WINE NOTE

While I was in France one expert said the 1960 wine harvest would be the worst in living memory, another said it was too early to be so pessimistic. But it cannot possibly be a good year. The season started well. Then in August came the rain, day after day, right on through September, and because of rot some grapes, of what was generally a heavy crop, had to be picked not fully ripe. The news from the Rhine and Moselle is not much better. In contrast, in central and southern Spain I saw grapes being picked in excellent conditions, but the tail end of the harvest was hit by a torrential downpour. The moral seems to be to buy 1959 wines while one can.

BRIGGS by Graham



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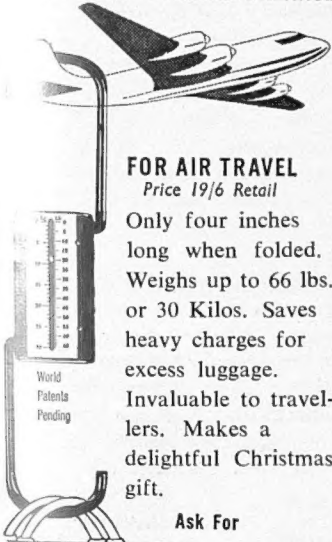
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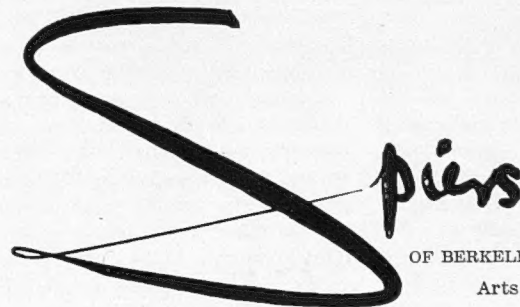


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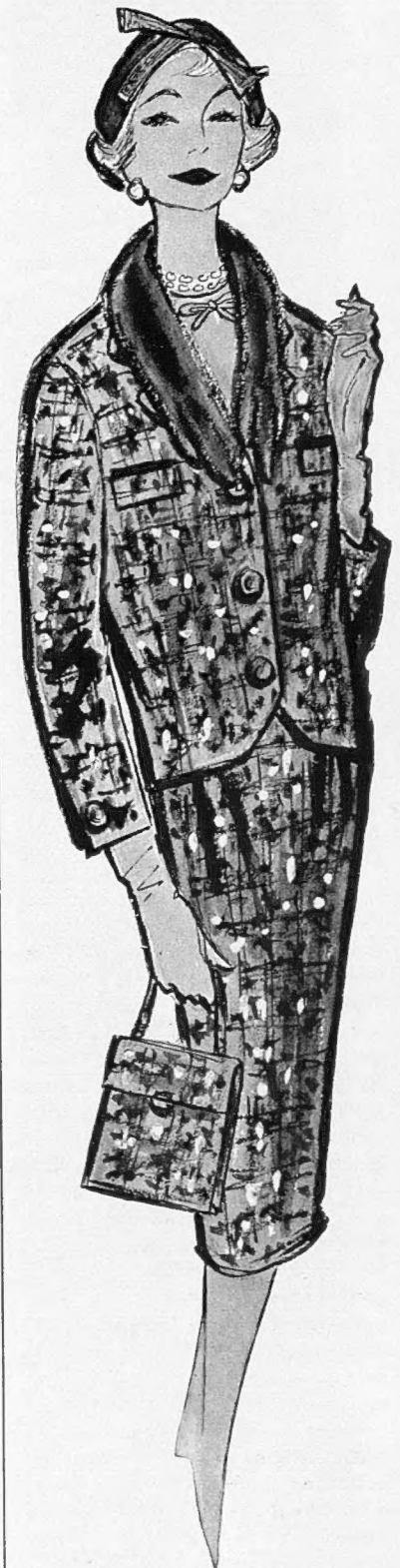
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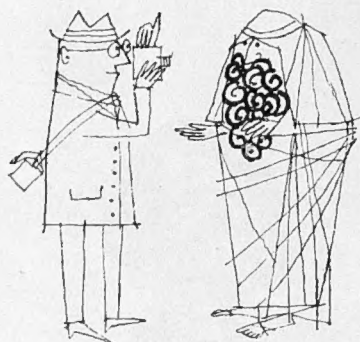


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GOING PLACES ABROAD Doone Beal

Wintering
in Majorca

PHOTOGRAPHS: J. ALLAN CASH



Fishing boats in Palma harbour.
Far right: Street in Palma's old city

"NOWHERE WHERE ORANGES AND lemons grow could possibly have a *bad* winter climate," said my hostess. The time was early October, the place Majorca. And I was asking the familiar question: how would the weather be in a month, two months' time? The truth about any Mediterranean winter—whether in Majorca, Tangier or Estoril—lies deep at the bottom of the well. Last year, a Scotch mist descended on Majorca for much of October. November and December were good, and in January it was a pale pink riot of almond blossom. If it does rain, it is rarely for more than a couple of days, anyway you must take your chance.

When taking a winter holiday, it is obviously more sensible to stay in or near a city than to be way out on a limb in the country. The lovely Formentor hotel, on the northernmost tip of Majorca, stays open (and reduces its rates by 20 per cent) during the winter months, but one would be stuck if the weather were bad. More strategically placed (only thirty minutes' drive from Palma), is the Hotel Bendinat, on the south-west coast of the island. It has a particularly lovely situation among a lot of rocky little islets, and swimming from its own flat rocks. Though Spaniards shudder, most English visitors swim up to Christmas. The hotel, which has several

cabanas with tiny gardens to each, as well as conventional bedrooms, is well run by Danish-born Miss Petersen. The food is good and the dry martinis excellent. The only reason the hotel is not classified as luxury is that it has no live dance band, only a little gentle record music in the bar.

An old-established favourite with English visitors—the sentiments are reciprocated—is the Victoria, in Palma itself, right on the waterfront. It has a swimming pool and dancing every evening and is altogether a most civilized establishment where every possible care is taken of creature comforts. Newest hotel is the nearby Bahia Palace which has a rather more transient, international clientele. Having both arrived at, and left, the place in the small hours, I was impressed by the efficiency and helpfulness of its round-the-clock service. Here, too, is a swimming pool and outdoor dining and dancing.

Palma itself is, frankly, a good deal more agreeable in winter than it is in summer when it gets overcrowded and uncomfortably hot. The shopping is excellent for all kinds of leather things, jewellery and so on, and I must say I never quite ceased to be surprised by the sheer value for money which one still gets in Spain. That goes for hotels, restaurants, shops and bars.

One can hardly complain at Bacardi rum for ninepence a tot!

The bar and restaurant life of the city is interesting. Starting with the aperitif, the Club El Quixote, on Calvo Sotelo, is amusing from nine o'clock onwards—or, equally, in the small hours, post night-club. Its clientele are what one might call adopted native. Similarly Nico's Bar, just down the street, which is rather more spruced-up and has some good, if limited, snack suppers. Nearby is Palma's best and most famous restaurant, El Patio. The proprietor's long apprenticeship in France is reflected in the cuisine.

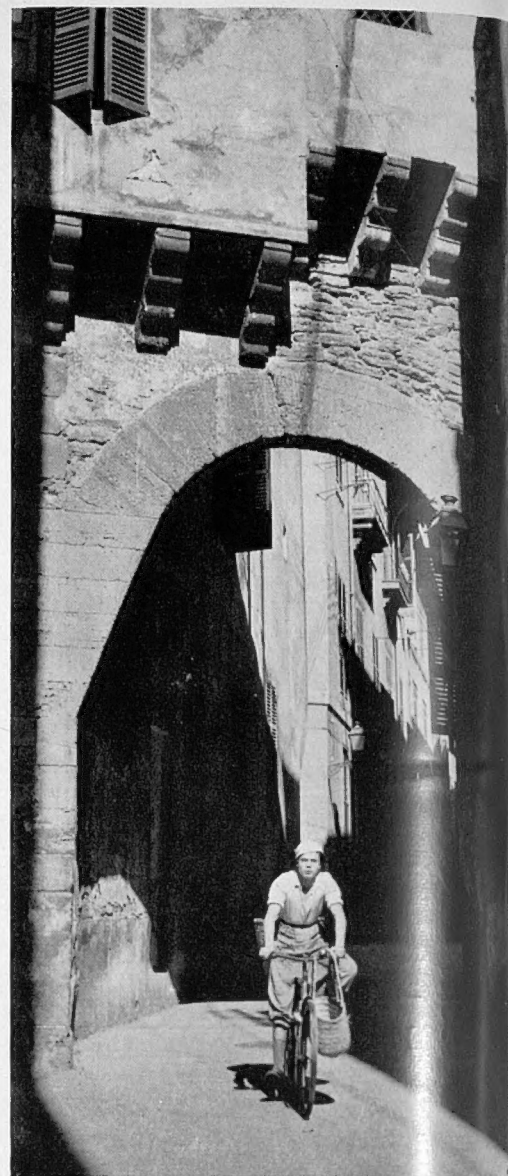
Sucking pig is a speciality of the house, as also are all kinds of sea food and locally cured ham. The natural progression is from El Patio just over the way to Tito's which can lay fair claim to be one of the most glamorous night clubs in the world. Set on a terrace at one end of the sickle-moon harbour, cleverly lit by illuminated flowers, it could hardly fail. Its cabaret is excellent, although one could wish that the tall, blonde English showgirls attired in fishnet tights and head plumes, had not been put in such cruel competition with the seductively covered-up Spanish flamenco dancers. A night club where the cabaret is pure Spanish, I'm told, is El Molino.

So far as really local restaurants

go, one of the best is La Prensa (the olive press), on the outskirts of the old city. It is a large, stone-flagged place where bunches of pimentos hang from the ceiling, and huge olive and wine presses line the walls. I wish I had been bold enough to try a concoction of heart, brain, liver and kidneys called *trito di cerdo* but, judging by the sucking pig I did have, I'm sure it would have been excellent. They put a bottle of white and red wine on the table for you to help yourself, and that is my last recorded note on La Prensa.

Among many other places to try is the newly-opened Meson Carlos I, in Apuntadores—again in the old city. Set in the whitewashed cellars of an old mansion, slung with swords and decorated with old Majorcan furniture and glass, it is comfortable and the food both excellent and adventurous.

B.E.A. flies to Majorca direct on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday in November; Monday, Friday, Saturday in December and January; Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday in February, and daily from March onwards. Day tourist fare is £46 18s. return. Alternatively, there are flights via Barcelona on Thursdays and Sundays. During the winter months there are no night tourist flights.





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chose
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Weddings

Cornwall Stevens—Dreyer: Antoinette Maryon, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. W. Cornwall Stevens, of Princes Risborough, was married to Lieut. Jeremy Chilton Dreyer, R.N., son of Rear-Adm. D. P. Dreyer, and the late Mrs. Dreyer, at St. Mary's, Princes Risborough



Barker—Fisher: Anne Elizabeth Rachel, daughter of the late Maj. G. Barker, Royal Scots Greys, and Mrs. Barker, of Twyford, was married to Anthony Noel Sedley, son of Lt.-Gen. Sir Bertie & Lady Fisher, at St. James's, Ruscombe



Ropner—Spence: Merle Aurelia, daughter of Col. Sir Leonard Ropner, Bt., M.P., & Lady Ropner, of Thorp Perrow, Bedale, was married to Christopher John, son of Brig. & Mrs. I. F. M. Spence, of Blomfield Road, W.9, at St. Michael's, Chester Sq.



Stevenson—Griffiths: Elizabeth Anne, elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. W. H. Stevenson, of Childe Court, Streatley, Berkshire, was married to David Latimer, only son of Mr. & Mrs. J. H. C. Griffiths, of Nethermoor, Brockenhurst, Hampshire, at St. Columba's, Pont St.



Cormack—Barker: Grizelda, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Robert Cormack, of Drumellan, Maybole, Ayrshire, was married to Thomas Christopher, son of Col. R. F. Barker, and of the late Mrs. Barker, of St. Mary Axe, London, E.C.3, at Holy Trinity Church, Ayr



Morant—Fremantle: Caroline, daughter of Comdr. & Mrs. S. A. B. Morant, of Rugby Mansions, W.14, was married to Lieut. Charles Fremantle, R.N., son of Comdr. E. S. D. Fremantle, and of the Comtesse de Malet, at Christ Church, W.8



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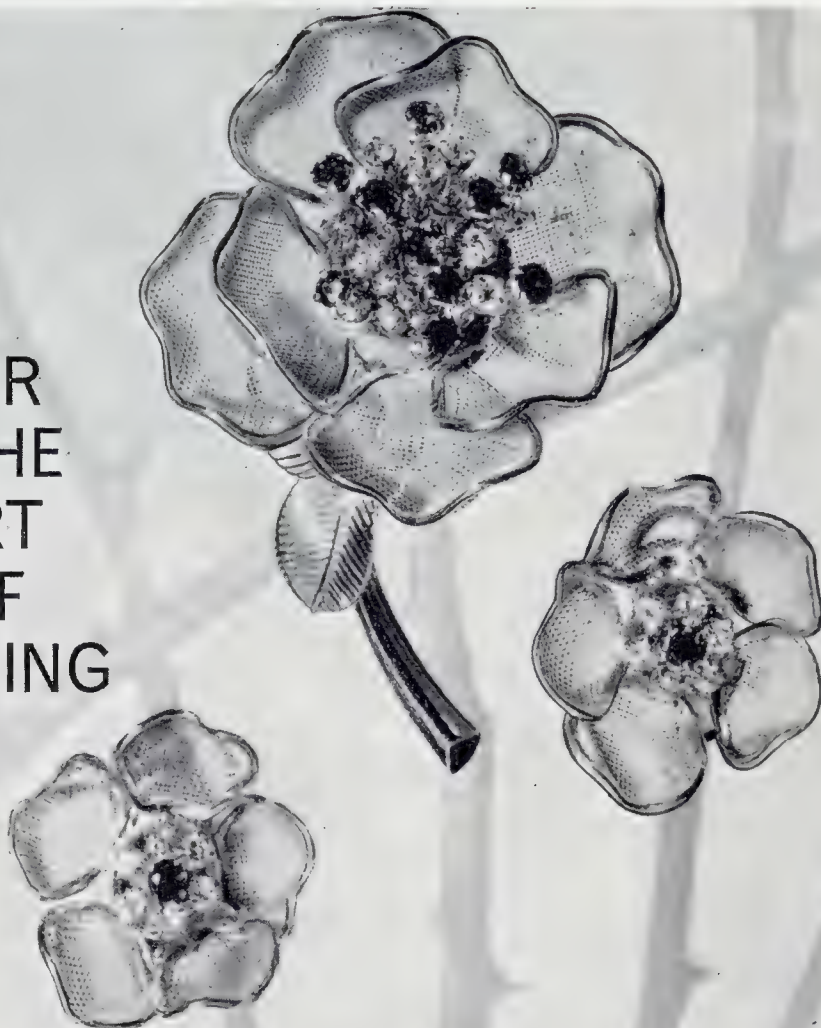
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FOR THE ART OF GIVING



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& Bystander

9 NOVEMBER 1960



PHOTOGRAPHS BY YEVONDE

This week H R H the Duchess of Gloucester celebrates her

SILVER WEDDING

On a November day 25 years ago, Lady Alice Christabel Montagu-Douglas-Scott was married to the Duke of Gloucester in the private chapel of Buckingham Palace. Her ivory satin dress was Norman Hartnell's first royal wedding order and the recent photograph (above, left) shows that the Duchess has changed little since she wore it. Both the Gloucester children, Prince William (above) and Prince Richard, were born in wartime. The picture (right), taken in 1942, shows the Duchess as Deputy-Commandant of the St. John Ambulance Brigade



EARLY STARTERS

Before October was out, so
were the East Kent and
Puckeridge hunts—and so
were the waterproofs and
umbrellas of supporters

PHOTOGRAPHS: ROGER HILL





The East Kent meet (below), was at the village of Elham. Opposite: Meeting off to the first covert



The Puckeridge met at Brent Pelham, home of Major M. E. Barclay, who was celebrating 50 years as Master, a position he now shares with his son, Capt. C. G. E. Barclay. Passing the war memorial: Mr. Petre Crowder, M.P., & others

PHOTOGRAPH: DESMOND O'NEILL



Lt.-Col. A. C. H. Adams, who is with the army at Shorncliffe, rode with the East Kent



EARLY STARTERS *continued*

Under cover at the Puckeridge meet: Mr. F. S. Law, Kultum El Mehdi, the Moroccan Ambassador's daughter, and Princess Lalla Nezha, daughter of the King of Morocco

*Muriel Bowen reports*

Nowadays people don't go to the Shires for the winter and rent hunting boxes the way they used to. They hunt from home and, with more people hunting than ever before, it is the provinces which have never had it so good. So instead of taking the high road out of London for my first opening meet of the season I took the low road, to the East Kent where Mr. **Ronnie Martin** masters one of the best of the provincial packs with business acumen and a sense of humour.

The meet was at Elham, one of those sturdy little stone-built villages with flowers in the window boxes and church with steeple. An exceptionally smart field, on blood horses for the most part, included Mrs. **Kitty Wood** (the only side-saddle rider), Mr. **Reg Older**, Mr. **Oliver Vatcher**, Miss "**Tischy**" **Green** on a showy chestnut, and **Brigadier G. R. G. Bird** with a party from Shorncliffe that included **Lt.-Col. A. C. H. Adams**. It was a field of about 40. "Quite a few of our big guns who are worth having a look at only come on Wednesdays," the Master told me. "We hunt our best country on Wednesdays."

Hounds put their fox to ground in a little over an hour, after a five-mile point and 11 miles as hounds ran. Those with them in the end included Mr. **T. H. Jeanes**, on a new spectacular-jumping brown from Ireland, Miss **Pam French**, Mrs. **Mary Middleton**, the **Hon. Mrs. William Spens**, Miss **Marietta Speed** on a horse that she had bought at auction the day before, and Miss **Jean Evanson** on a successful hunter-chaser.

It was such a good day that hounds didn't draw again. Instead we squelched along in our wet boots to the bright fire in the Kennels' tack room, and munched sandwiches washed down with coffee. In the evening there was the Hunt supporters' ball, organized by Miss **French**, and Mrs. **Middleton's** cocktail party.

The Puckeridge, another of the leading provincial packs, had its opening meet on the same day with more than 120 mounted. "Quite a good day's sport, though I cannot remember a day when I got so wet," **Capt. C. G. E. Barclay**, one of the joint-masters told me afterwards.

Crown Prince Moulay Hassan of Morocco was expected at the meet but a cold prevented his coming. Instead he sent his sister, **Princess Nezha** (she is at the Cygnets finishing school in Kensington) and the Moroccan Ambassador, **Prince El Hassan Ben El Mehdi**. The Ambassador must have been a little nonplussed by the day's proceedings, as he arrived at the meet carrying a shotgun.

The season so far has been a story of cancelled meets or sloshing around in mud. **Lt.-Col. P. H. Lloyd** of the famous Fernie told me: "We've got the best going of any country in England, but this year the wet is being a perfectly frightful problem, in some places the crops haven't been gathered in yet." Another mishap is that his new joint-master, **Major Tony Murray Smith**, has just broken his leg and will be out of the saddle until after Christmas. Indeed the wet weather is worrying everybody except **Lady Glenarthur**: "Scent has been very upset because of the dry weather, we haven't had any rain for ages," she told me from the Eglinton country in Ayrshire where she and her husband are the new joint-masters with **Lt.-Col. Michael Borwick**.

If you're a new M.F.H. such worries are not so heavy. "The other joint-masters are so efficient that they look after the running of things. I'm just going to enjoy myself," Miss **Anne Brotherton**, the new joint-master of the Middleton & Middleton East told me from her home in York. (The other joint-masters are the **Earl of Halifax** and Mr. **W. D. Pinkney**.) Miss Brotherton is unusual, a young girl who rides side-saddle.

PRINCESS
AT A
PREMIÈRE

At the Astoria Cinema in Charing Cross Road, **Princess Margaret & Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones** joined the froth and flutter of a party where most of the entertainers were horses. It was the première of the film *The Alamo*, and it was on such a wide screen that I found myself looking from one side to the other as you do watching a tennis match. Afterwards there was a saddle for Princess Margaret, who had come with a party of friends, including the **Hon. Katharine Smith** and Mr. **Billy Wallace**.

"It really is beautiful—a beautiful piece of work," the Princess said to actor **John Wayne** when he gave her the cowboy saddle, all agleam with shining leather and glinting silver mounts. If she goes hacking in Windsor Great Park with it, the royal grooms will find a pretty hefty cleaning job on their hands afterwards.

The maelstrom of people which began to form an hour before the Princess arrived included **Dr. & Mrs. A. White Franklin**, Miss **Anna Massey**, Mr. & Mrs. **Harold Bowman**, and Mr. **Richard Todd**. Their coming swelled the coffers of the Invalid Children's Aid Society to the tune of £7,000—a fantastic profit from a single evening. The performance was sponsored by the Variety Club of Great Britain.

TENNIS AT WESTMINSTER

It seemed odd to have a tennis party at the House of Commons, but looking back perhaps it was appropriate after all. **Brig. Sir John Smyth, V.C., M.P.**, was the host to British and French tennis players who had come on from Queen's Club after the 50th match between the two countries. Nowadays, with the "Sixes and Sevens" shaking the *entente cordiale*, the tennis players would seem to have a thing or two to teach the politicians in genial relations.

The Foreign Office has already taken its cue. For the next day when Mr. **Nigel Sharpe**, as chairman of the International Club of Great Britain, was host to the players at dinner at the Royal Automobile Club no less than Her Majesty's Ambassador himself, **Sir Pierson Dixon**, came specially from Paris.

"I don't know if Sir Pierson plays tennis himself, but he could not have been more enthusiastic," Mr. **Nigel Sharpe** told me later.

Back at the House of Commons party was **M. Chauvel**, the French Ambassador, and **Col. & Mrs. A. R. F. Kingscote**, Mr. & Mrs. **L. A. Godfree**, **Dr. & Mrs. Dick Sandys**, Mr. & Mrs. **Max Woosnam**, the **Earl of Mexborough** (down specially from Yorkshire), and the **Earl of Ronaldshay** who had earlier won a hotly contested three-setter to win the Veterans (over 45) Match from one of the idols of prewar French tennis, **M. André Cochet**.

The only players missing at the party were **Stanley Matthews, Jr.**, who at 14 was considered to be too young for an invitation, and the "Bounding Basque" himself, **Jean Borotra**, who had bounded a bit too heartily after a ball earlier in the day, pulling a muscle. He's turned out to play in all 50 matches.

The **Duke of Devonshire**, president of the Lawn Tennis Association, had his hand well



Lady Clammorris and Mrs. Peter Watt. Lady Clammorris gave the dance with Mrs. Howard French in Kensington for their daughters, the Hon. Charlotte Bingham and Miss Simone French. Below: Miss Angela Brooke, also a *déb*, & Mr. J. Parker-Rees



Miss Susie Murray, from Dorset, and Miss Susie Orde, granddaughter of Sir Percy & Lady Orde. Left: Miss Carol Passmore, who had her dance in September, with Mr. Simon Vincent-Bolton. Below: the Hon. Charlotte Bingham and Mr. John Crowley



A COMING-OUT DANCE FOR TWO

PHOTOGRAPHS: PHILIP TOWNSEND

shaken for he had just been appointed Under-Secretary for Commonwealth Relations.

DINNERS OUT

Lancashire's own National Anthem was sung at the annual dinner and dance of the Association of Lancastrians in London. They sang:

*"God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Duke."*

Lancastrians relish their little superiorities, and when Lord Justice Sellers read the telegram of good wishes which the Queen sent as Duke of Lancaster the boiled shirts filled with pride.

About 400 guests, red roses in their button-holes, came to the Dorchester gathering, which was presided over by Lord Justice Sellers. He incidentally had the most luxurious boutonniere of all, but though he & Lady Sellers grow roses in their Mill Hill garden it didn't come from there. A quick-thinking official had plucked it from the table decorations for him.

Lady Dorothy Meynell was there and others were Sir Brunel & Lady Cohen, Dr. & Mrs. H. K. Ashworth, Lord & Lady Hacking, and Sir Harry Pilkington, who had the unfortunate experience of seeing a guest helped from the room during his speech. Still more were Lord Justice Ormerod & Lady Ormerod, Mr. & Mrs. K. R. E. Taylor, Mr. & Mrs. T. J. Isherwood, Sir Robert & Lady Burrows, and Mr. Jack Hylton.

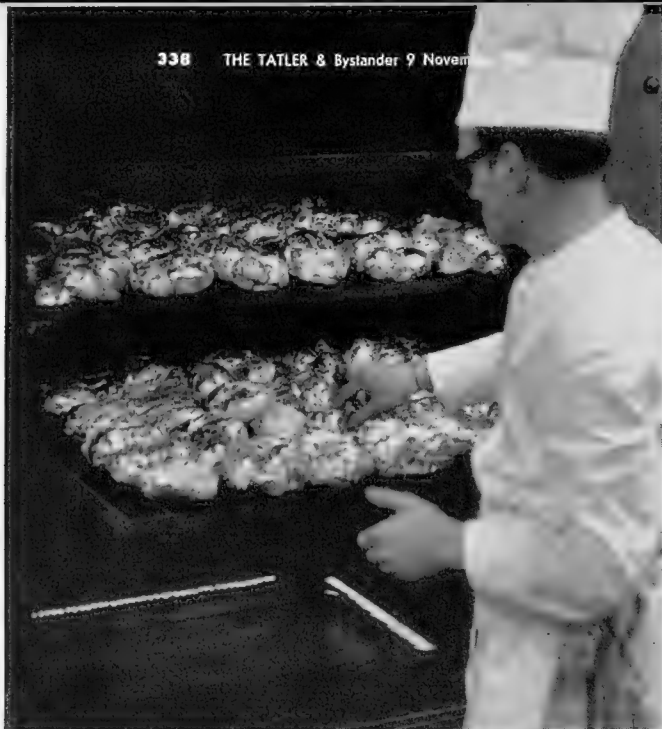
Though the star speakers of the evening, Lord Justice Pearce and Mr. A. Dickson Wright, weren't Lancastrians they felt it necessary to find connections. "I, too, have lived in Arcadia—I've spent some time in Manchester," claimed Mr. Justice Pearce in one of the most polished, artistic and witty after-dinner contributions I've ever heard.

Mr. Dickson Wright, retorting to a leg pull about his being Honorary Surgeon to British Railways (a "sinking institution") described his arrival recently at St. Pancras from Leicester,

1½ hours late: "The tenderness, and the sympathy of the lady from Lancashire who apologized on the loudspeaker for the train being late was such that us tearing, angry passengers were serene and happy again."

Nobody fainted during the speeches at the dinner of the North East Metropolitan Hospital Board. But even if they had I doubt if Sir Graham Rowlandson, the chairman, would have had to worry much. With so many doctors, a stimulant or sedative would have been as easy to come by in Grosvenor House as a Scotch and soda. The guests included: Sir Russell & Lady Brain, Mr. & Mrs. Arthur Bell, Dr. the Hon. Walter S. Maclay & Mrs. Maclay, Sir Geoffrey & Lady Nightingale, and Dame Enid Russell-Smith.

Lots of sugar in the speeches until it was the turn of Dr. John Spencer, a pathologist, who didn't mind a bit of spice. "We've been promised so much and given so little, what we need is a Polaris in medicine," he said.



POTATOES BY THE OVENFUL roasted "en cuirasse"

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALAN VINES



650 COVERS to lay. A catering director does the Lord Mayor's

110 WAITERS queue for their dishes at the serving counter



Behind the **BIGGEST BAN**



600 BOTTLES OF WINES and liqueurs are served. Head cellarman William

36 COOKS slice the barons of beef (three



QUET *of all*



The Lord Mayor of London's inaugural banquet at the Guildhall is an annual prodigy of catering. Besides the guests there are 200 attendants to be fed, in various separate messes, like these gilded trumpeters (left)



McCleary, decants the port (Rebello Valente 1935)
of them, each of 160 pounds)



SOUP (REAL TURTLE), 140 GALLONS of it fills these containers. The chef, Mr. Alfred Ben Bigg, samples

40 WINE WAITERS need six men in the wine bin to keep them supplied





The party (from left): Mr. R. Sheffield, Mr. G. Moreton, Col. W. Stirling (back), Mrs. J. Nickerson, Col. Eric Sanders, Mr. E. Bailey, Mr. J. Nickerson, Mrs. Bailey & Mr. S. Nickerson

SHOOTING PARTY

Mr. Joseph Nickerson is rated by many today's best shot



Mr. Guy Moreton also has a shoot at his home, Pickenham Hall near Swaffham in Norfolk



Mr. Eric Bailey, from Gloucestershire, who is an amateur steeplechase rider



Mr. Joseph Nickerson takes aim, watched by Mrs. Nickerson and his loader. This drive is known as Partridge Valley

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL CRANLEY



Mr. Sam Nickerson, Mr. Guy Moreton, Mr. Reggie Sheffield and Mr. Eric Bailey at lunch. The day's bag at Rothwell—Prince Philip shot there recently—included 726 partridge and other game



Mr. Lawrence Parton, chairman, and Mrs. Peter Campbell, the secretary, of the Grimsby R.S.P.C.A.



The Hon. Mrs. Cuthbert (right) who organized the charity ball for the R.S.P.C.A. at Scunthorpe's Royal Hotel, with her stepmother, Lady Quibell

He and his wife held a private shoot on their Lincolnshire estate



Col. William Stirling of Keir had come down from Scotland



Mr. Reggie Sheffield, of Normanby Park, Scunthorpe, who is brother and heir of Sir Robert Sheffield, Bt.



Lady Birdwood, the guest of honour, with Dr. Russell Stanford, vice-president of Scunthorpe R.S.P.C.A. Below: Mr. & Mrs. Ben Nickerson from Grimsby



... & on the same day, in another part of the county, Lincolnshire partygoers went to a charity dinner ball (pictures right)

FARMING is fashionable. Farms are at a premium. A sign of the times? Not altogether. The rich have usually owned farms. No estate was respectable without the "home farm" to supply the house with butter, cream, milk, eggs, meat (some even had their own butcher's shop) chicken, duck, guinea fowl and so on—run by a farm bailiff. But there is a country saying that there are two ways to ruin a farm: one is to plant ash trees, and the other is to employ a bailiff. Which somehow seems to indicate that the best people and farms went together chiefly for reasons of gastronomy. There were notable exceptions—men like Coke of Holkham whose agricultural activities led him to the peerage as Earl of Leicester.

But today there is a certain *élan* about agriculture that is new. It has even been suggested that if a man really wants to go places it is essential for him to own a farm; that such a possession is a *sine qua non* of success.

A WHO'S WHO IN HUSBANDRY

For the season of
the Dairy Show
and Smithfield,

It is even permissible now to actually farm, to get mud on your boots (except that concrete and the advent of the Land-Rover have reduced the likelihood of this inconvenience). It is an accepted, gentlemanly occupation, even without employing a manager. (Bailiffs are outmoded.)

Why? For reasons of sport? Could be. For reasons of tax? Indubitably. Though here fings ain't what they used to be. For a hobby? Possibly. To earn a livelihood? Probably. For it does pay. It is no longer just a way of life or a means to exist. It is a business. Bewildered, the living scrapers and straw suckers look on while the vast machinery tugs and roars over the land, the production of food reaches a mechanical exactitude in the broiler houses where chickens come off the production line at the planned, predicted hour, and the calves for veal grow with calculated precision in their highly heated pens, and the pigs have learned to squeal with deafening delight at the switching on of a light in their darkened sty for the excellent reason that they know that it is the signal for the hour for food. Accountants pore over pages of figures, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 345

BY CHRISTIAN FAIRFAX

who introduces
and photographs
six of the most
successful men
in agriculture

Arthur Rickwood, M.B.E., started farming on one acre in the Fens. He now controls 8,500 acres in Norfolk, Suffolk, the Isle of Ely and Cambridgeshire. He produces more carrots than anyone else in Europe (about 30,000 tons a year). He grows, among other things, 900 acres of potatoes. He produces celery. He has prizewinning horses (his great love). His automatic pig-feeder (his great pride) was one of the first to be put into operation. His office resembles the headquarters of a military operation, and such is the magnitude of his projects that it requires one man's entire time to record the production of the pig unit alone. But Mr. Rickwood does not regard the land as a mere mine. He keeps stall cattle to restore fertility.

The Duke of Grafton is something of a pioneer, like all great farmers. One of the polled Hereford bulls bred by him from a sire imported from New Zealand stood on exhibition at the year's Royal Show for all who had the wit to observe the obvious advantages in cattle not bedevilled by horns. Across the park at Euston where deer once roamed (and rabbits were a plague—"and they're coming back," says the Duke) some of the 200 head of Hereford cattle now graze. "I've reclaimed a thousand acres," says the farmer. "I can't reclaim any more because there isn't any." He farms 2,000 acres, having started in 1927 on land adjoining Euston, the Suffolk seat of the dukes of Grafton. Nine years later he succeeded as the 10th Duke.







The Earl of Iveagh, a legendary figure in agriculture, is as keen about farming as he is about his stout. "Guinness really is good for you," he says, and the theme is echoed in one of his cow houses where a poster proclaims "Guernseys are good for you." Some 40 years ago Lord Iveagh suspected that manure produced by dairy cattle was as valuable as any other, though folklore held otherwise. "All devils die hard," says he, so he had that manure analysed. The outcome can now be seen on his 23,000-acre estate at Elveden in Suffolk and on his 800 acres at Pyrford in Surrey. He is one of the biggest breeders of pedigree Guernseys. It was also he who demonstrated the magic of the deep rooted clover-like lucerne. Today he reviews it all as "a pleasant hobby."

Sir William Prince-Smith, Bt. (right) on a famous occasion, won supreme championships with his Suffolk sheep, his Leicester sheep and his Hampshire Down sheep all at one show. These sheep, and Aberdeen Angus cattle, are the staple of his 3,000-acre Southburn estate on the Yorkshire wolds. The Aberdeen Angus have proved to doubting Scotsmen that these little black beasts can be successfully produced in England, as Sir William buys and sells them at the fabulous Perth sales at prices that are notable even there. Much sought-after by fellow breeders, Sir William is a luminary of the Leicester Sheep Breeder's Association, the Suffolk Sheep Society, the Yorkshire Agricultural Society, and the National Sheep Breeder's Association. He now farms with his son.



the yield that each acre, each animal must give is noted to the last degree.

But then it rains; or it doesn't rain; or disease strikes, and the broiler houses and the calf pens and the pig sties are suddenly empty, and it is made clear that it takes more than a business man to make a farmer. He must be jack of all trades and master of the lot; he must have a tenacity amounting to obstinacy; he must have a desire and aptitude to gamble, and he must, above all, be able to observe. A farmer must be able to learn by trial and error, to discover the potential of each individual animal, each piece of land. He also needs a profound knowledge of the learning of the past, and the perspicacity to sift this learning—and he must refuse to live in anything but the future. While this year's harvest is gathered next year's must be already planned. When today's



calf is born its grandchildren must be considered. The pessimism of today's rain must be erased by the hope of tomorrow's sun. He must be good at paper work. For farming is one of the most complicated callings that anyone can follow, yet men buy land and imagine that that alone will make them a farmer. These men and their money are soon parted.

Men desire peace. Nearly all men imagine that a farmer's life is a peaceful one. They remember, sometimes with a sneer (not always undeserved), that in the years of war many farmers remained in their homes. But while they sneer they forget that in war or in peace every human being who does not own his own plot of land could not live at all were it not for the farmer. Farmers hold in their hand the power of gods, should they choose to use it. Mercifully they are the most confounded individualists, and therefore incapable of agreeing even among themselves.

A WHO'S WHO IN HUSBANDRY

concluded

Lord Rank (left), says: "I'm no agriculturalist. I don't like corn." But 3,000 acres of his estate at Sutton Scotney in Hampshire are "in hand" under the management of his son-in-law. "Insecticides reduce game," Lord Rank remarks a little sadly, "but I use them myself." So farming conflicts with his consuming passion for shooting—or does it? He intends to find out. Along the hedgerows of his land, there are strips of specially drilled grasses where no insecticides are used, where the insects may live—and the game. The results of these strips he is watching with undivided enthusiasm. He is chairman of the Executive Committee of the Animal Health Trust at Stock. From the Rank Mills pour forth feeding-stuffs to cheer stock farmers. Is he really no agriculturalist?

Sir Peter Greenwell, Bt., took over the 3,000-acre Butley estate on the Suffolk coast when he succeeded his father in 1939. Here agriculture was already of overriding importance, lucerne having (as so often) opened the gateway to success. But Sir Peter was a prisoner-of-war and had to wait for the coming of peace. He found the light land in good order, so he tackled the problem of the marshes, with splendid results. A man of great energy, he is also shrewd enough to put many eggs in many different baskets. He produces, among other things, carrots, blackcurrants, asparagus, corn, of course, beef Shorthorns, Friesian dairy cattle, Kerry sheep, and Saddleback pigs. It may console lesser characters to know that he is a director of the Agricultural Mortgage Corporation.

HOW TO KICK A MAN



DOWNSTAIRS

BY PAMELA VANDYKE PRICE

MOST SUBJECTS THAT FORM PART of the Education of the Young are out of date by the time the young actually have to tackle them. For girls, none more so than the managing of man, which grows archaisms like modern bread grows mould. The advice of elder sisters seems to echo from the era of hansom cabs and that of mothers from the crinoline age.

For example: my mama sent me out into the world with the adjuration that never, never was I to lunch or dine alone with a man in a private room. For years I brought myself up short on the threshold of practically every room in every restaurant that I entered, with my escort cannoning into me from behind—and the waiter, yards ahead in the throng of diners or lunchers, gazing rebukingly at us both. Eventually I became almost academically interested in this man-made hazard and began asking about private rooms in an impersonal sort of way. The response was always either, “*They don’t have them any more,*” or “*I wouldn’t dream of taking you to such a place.*” But that didn’t prevent either type of man from taxi tussling, and I had no guide about how to counteract that.

The traditional methods of politely handing out the frozen mitt are also positively bobble-fringed. The ladylike “*No,*” that—if books are to be believed—used to send strong men striding stiff-upper-lipped towards the sunset, just wouldn’t register today at all. We need a contemporary style brush-off that doesn’t actually involve hammering the undesirable amorists over the heads with our stiletto heels. Women are gentle, considerate creatures. What the Latin grammar used to term, “*polite negatives,*” get one nowhere except into Situations. I can’t see why it’s impossible to take at face value such statements as, “*I had*

planned to spend the rest of the evening washing my hair,” or “*The girl I share a flat with is a very light sleeper.*” But one just can’t tell men the truth—it does terrible things to their psyches.

I once tried what I thought was the extreme gesture of a positive M-G-M lion yawn, at which my guest simply raged about the hearthrug to the effect that it was the ultimate insult to say that one was too tired because one was never *really* too tired, was one? All was well on this occasion, however, because out of sheer irritation I hit on telling him I was madly in love with his dearest friend. As men are blindly loyal to each other and absolutely stagnant with team spirit, he couldn’t argue with this. It would have made him feel himself a frightful cad. So we had a cosy chat over a cup of cocoa and discussed Love and Life, just like old days in the dorm.

But as I later had to cope with the aforesaid dearest friend and invent a hopeless passion for a friend of *his*, the whole thing became like a chain letter, too tiresome and complicated and I can’t therefore recommend this tactic except in emergencies.

One excellent way of avoiding the “*Yes or no*” kind of crisis without lacerating a man’s feelings is to talk. This is not at all taxing—one just has to hold forth. You must try and really *teach* the man something about a subject he finds rather dull and technical—Wagnerian leit-motifs if he’s tone-deaf, or herbaceous borders if he lives in a flat. My triumph in this line was when a man positively hissed “*Are you interested in anything except the history of the Royal College of Physicians?*” He was one of those “*never had a day’s illness in me life,*” stalwarts.

Similar evasive action can be taken by eating. In a restaurant, choose a long drawn-out meal,

with as many dishes as possible from the “*25 min.*” category. Try to send at least one thing back to have something additional and fiddling done to it. Go out to powder your nose in the middle and, while you get the cloakroom girl to give you an Alka-Seltzer, send a suitably accompanied message to the head waiter so that he takes his time about serving your table. Demand a cigar at the end of dinner—you needn’t actually bite off the end, but you should smoke it in an aggressive style and if your host is still feeling frolicsome on the way home, insist on stopping at a fish-and-chip bar, wheel stall or pull-up for carmen. Excellently off-putting. Remember, though, not to wear a waspie.

If you’re cooking a meal at home, it’s even simpler—a *sauté* pan in the hand is a surer safeguard than stilettos in the garters. Cook as many things as possible at the table and set light to them lavishly. Have a temperament about one dish when it goes wrong, throw it out and start again—full marks if the man has to go out and actually buy more ingredients for it. Take hours and hours over the meal and even longer over the washing up—boil the tea-cloths, strip down the stove and descale the oven. If you’re operating in the man’s flat (you see, our mamas just couldn’t have expected *this*), then you can defrost the fridge as well. All these activities require active assistance and, providing you can keep going, so will your beautiful friendship.

Sometimes, when out with a character you’ve known for years and look on almost as a brother, you suddenly perceive that he must have been reading too exciting a book or else has realized that it’s spring. The Great Pounce is about to be made. You must stop this to preserve the comfort of the *status quo*, but swift improvisation is called for. Order or toss together a salad with lashings of garlic—as great a protection as a bombazine-lined chaperone. A friend of mine also swears by saying in her most executive tones to the waiter, “*Give me the wine list.*” (She always chooses a good bottle, so the man goes away soothed in the end.)

Another girl friend, when craving a solitary taxi home, gets madly gay. She peals with laughter and repeats everything the potential pouncer says in ringing tones, often asking people at nearby tables if he isn’t an absolute *scream*? I imagine that the reverse—Strindbergian gloom and queries about how many times you have tried to *kill* yourself—would be equally off-putting in a polite way.

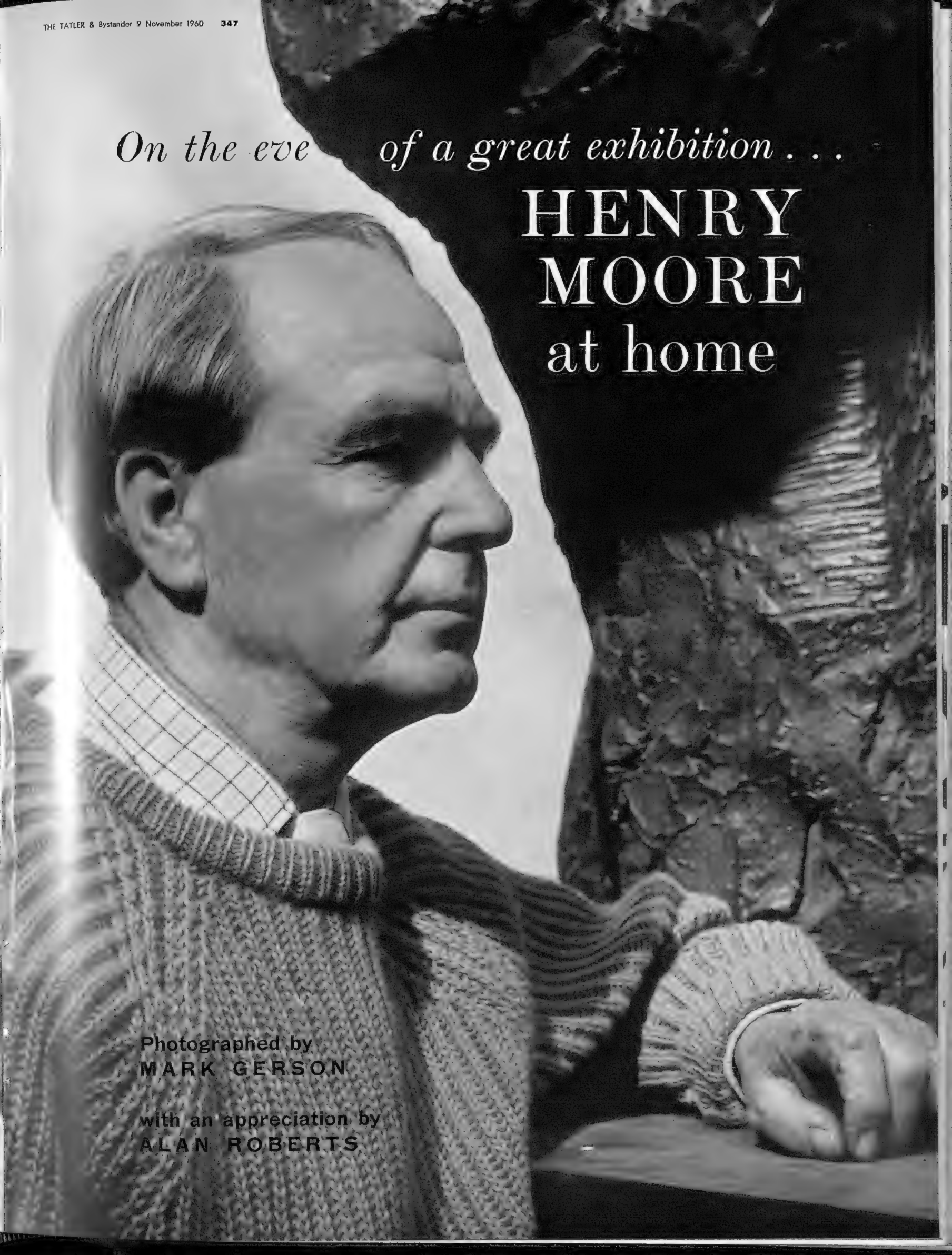
But of course one day a woman will get tired of all this consideration for masculine egos. She’ll tell a man that his hair, feet and breath smell, that he whistles when he breathes in and wheezes when he breathes out, that waiters despise him and that she wouldn’t trust him to take her on a bus to Balham, much less on the vaunted voyage to Cytherea. Or would it really be kinder to poise him at the top of a flight of steps and—having put on a full-skirted frock that evening—just smartly raise the right foot?

On the eve of a great exhibition . . .

HENRY MOORE at home

Photographed by
MARK GERSON

with an appreciation by
ALAN ROBERTS



HENRY MOORE at home

continued

A BIG exhibition of sculptures made by Henry Moore during the past ten years opens at the Whitechapel Art Gallery on 23 November. Many of the works to be shown have never been seen outside the sculptor's studio and the new super-massive manner in which many of them have been conceived and executed is likely to surprise even those well acquainted with the Moore *oeuvre*.

By the initiated minority, for whom he is "the most powerful artist in this country since Turner and Constable" or just "the greatest British artist of this century," the new work will be hailed as yet another triumph for the 62-year-old sculptor who, in the past, has often been more honoured in other countries than in his own. But by the majority, whose experience of it will be limited to one or two sensationalized photographs in the popular newspapers, it will be dismissed with a brief smile or a sneer as the latest joke by the man who puts holes where stomachs ought to be.

How is it possible for two groups of people to view the same works of art so differently? It is not just a question of like and dislike, it is a radical difference in their ways of looking not only at Moore but at all art.

A conscious effort to overcome the idea that the duty of art is to imitate nature is the first essential to the appreciation of modern art in general and of Moore in particular.

In none of his known works has he attempted to make his materials simulate the soft appearance of flesh. "Stone," he once said, "should keep its hard, tense stoniness." Later he modified this, saying, "The sculptor ought to be master of his material. Only not a cruel master."





When Moore makes a figure it is not intended to be simply a male, a female, or even a neuter. It is much more than that. It is an attempt at a synthesis of Man and Earth. It must have a life extra to and separate from that of any figure with which it may be identifiable. The human element, usually primary, is seldom absolute.

Upward-thrusting breasts or hips, sweeping thighs, mystery-dark cavities and light-letting holes (both quickly identified by Freudians as sex-symbols) are sculptural "metaphors" for the mountains, hills and valleys, caves and tunnels, rocks and cliffs—the great immutables—from which even urban man is only briefly and temporarily divorced. No wonder the heads, often based on the shapes of found pebbles and old bones, seem to rise up startled and gaze around in astonishment.

Moore's special genius is that in searching for this synthesis he has created entirely new forms—and hence new sensations—as Picasso has done in painting. To some extent he has been influenced by Picasso. But the deeper influences of ancient sculpture, notably Mexican, and his instinctive feeling for form in the round, have ensured that he avoided the pitfall into which other sculptors inspired by Cubism tumbled. Unlike them he did not merely translate Cubist painting into three-dimensional terms, but used it as a springboard for the production of works that are essentially sculptural in concept, complex yet unified, solid yet fluid, presenting from an infinity of angles an infinity of satisfying aspects.

Working (above) in one of two new studios, Moore is happier working outdoors which he also considers the correct setting for his creations. His 16th-century home at Perry Green (right) near Mill Hill in Hertfordshire, stands in four acres. Recent addition is the wide lounge where he sits (far left) with his wife. There is an extra bedroom and a gallery above. On the lounge walls (below) are pictures by Ceri Richards, Vuillard, Ben Nicholson, Modigliani and a Cézanne ("which I love"). Grandfather clock and fabric-covered suite (left) in the original lounge of the house provide a contrast with the sunlit modernity of the extension.



LORD KILBRACKEN

The adventure of exports . . .

GOVERNMENTS the world over have been insisting for years on the importance of exports, and manufacturers are constantly exhorted, prodded and threatened to sell their goods abroad. I have often wondered, none the less, just how easy it would be to do so in practice—and I have recently found out. In the past few weeks I have *become* an exporter. And it now amazes me that anyone, except a commercial genius, is able to export anything at all, ever.

I have been exporting a certain manufactured Product, which professional etiquette unfortunately prevents me from describing, from the Republic of Ireland to the United Kingdom. The Product (apart from being delicious, health-giving, The Gourmet's Delight, &c.), is also perishable, and therefore has to reach its destination as soon as may be. I therefore began by making inquiries about sending it by air freight to London Airport.

I had planned to send a small six-pound parcel to each of twenty consignees, just for a

of 12s. per consignee; this would work out a total of £12 for a consignment worth £26, of which not more than one fifth would otherwise have been my profit. I thought again.

The solution, it appeared, was to consign the lot to a single person, who would meet the plane and distribute the goods for me. Then there would only be six forms to fill in and only 12s. to pay, though the quantity exported would be the same. As a temporary expedient, I prevailed on a friend in London, Miss Seonaid Walker, to perform this office for me against a small honorarium (Seonaid, pronounced "shown-er," is Scots for Joan). Fortunately, she's blonde, attractive, and most personable. No one else could have succeeded as she did.

The next thing was to get the Product to Dublin Airport, which is 85 miles from Killegar (and about 6 miles from Dublin). There is, amazingly, a lorry which leaves Killeshandra, my local village, for the city three days a week and this, I found, could deliver my consignment to the air terminal in plenty of time for it to catch the daily freight plane, which takes off at 1.10 p.m. But I then made inquiries about getting it from the city to the airport, and found that the only delivery van arrives at the airport exactly 20 minutes after the only plane has taken off. This may seem incredible, but it is true. So, short of hiring a taxi, there was only the usual solution: to do the job myself.

Let it not be imagined that my troubles were at an end. I discovered that one passenger plane a day regularly takes freight. It takes off at 9.10 a.m. and lands at 10.35. This suited me better than the later freight plane and I was assured the day before, in long telephonic discussions with Export Cargo, that the consignment would be "cleared," and ready for Seonaid to collect, at 12 noon precisely. To ensure speedy clearance, Export Cargo sent two "signals," as they called them, to the appropriate people in London.

There was a further complication. Despite the Irish Government's avowed desire to stimulate exports, to which end they are spending millions, they have a list of perhaps 100 items, almost all of them innocuous, which may only leave the country under permit. In my own case, I found with little surprise, no permit is required

if the Product is sent by post; if it isn't, inexplicably, an export licence is necessary, and an export licence, therefore, had to be obtained.

Behold me, therefore, at 6 a.m. on a dismal wet morning, setting out for the airport from Killegar, accompanied by four huge forms (stating, *inter many alia*, the "percentage of the total cost of manufacture of each and every article attributable to Commonwealth expenditure"), two invoices, one export licence, one cheque book, one hangover, and one large crate containing 120 lb. of the Product, labelled "*Fragile. Perishable. THIS SIDE UP. Non-dutiable. To be collected at London Airport by Miss Walker.*" I managed to reach my destination in plenty of time, and watched the Viscount take off an hour later with a sigh of relief that my first exportation was safely on its way.

But its journey was only just starting. Seonaid arrived on the dot at noon. My consignment had travelled from Dublin to London in 85 minutes. But in the 85 minutes since landing, it had not yet progressed from the plane to the customs shed. This is where the Walker personality came in: without it, the Product might still be on the tarmac. She chivvied and chased, and made eyes at the right people. As a result, she was able to take delivery a mere three hours later.

Eighty-five minutes in the air; 265 minutes on the ground at London Airport—that was the final score. And the officials told Seonaid that all this was quite normal; in fact, she had been lucky to get the goods so soon.

In a display of courage and ingenuity beyond the call of duty, she saw to it that the Product was on sale in Piccadilly and Knightsbridge, despite everything, within ten hours of leaving Killegar, and she managed to deliver the last box to the last shop before it closed that evening.

Since then, as may be imagined, I've given much thought to the question of cutting costs (and of eliminating the need of Seonaid, who has other things to do). A delivery service operates from London Airport, but it would almost be cheaper to fly over myself and deliver from a taxi. I considered pack mules, or chartering a helicopter. Somehow, so far, I'm managing to keep supplies going; one of these days I may even make a profit, however many forms I have to complete to do so.



Something in the export trade . . .

start. What a hope! Though the Product is non-dutiable, I found I would have to make out, for the benefit of the customs, two enormous forms in duplicate, and two invoices, *per consignee*—a total of no fewer than 120 forms for a consignment weighing just 120 pounds: a form a pound. This however was not all. I would also have to pay a "customs clearance charge"

GREAT COATS!

Greatcoats are big news just now. First thing to note is that they are warmer, smarter and more luxurious than ever before with heavy, chunky tweeds alternating with reversible materials. Most are unbelted, all are cut on generous lines and with the minimum of fussy detail. Fur too is used lavishly for linings and trimmings as in the case of this Vernervogue full-length coat with its deep collar of red fox. The clutch coat is in russet brown wool with a dropped shoulderline, turn-back cuffs and slit pockets. It costs 35 gns. from Rocha, Grafton Street, W.1

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NORMAN EALES





Flashpoints for coats to set the woods on fire this winter include incendiary colours and a blaze of new thoughts on fabric and design. Each one of the coats shown has some special spark of originality to set the temperature rising. In the case of the Bickler three-quarter length coat (*right*) it's the casually tied belt that catches in the width, and the clever buttoning at the collar which can be closed right up to the chin or left open as shown. The coat is of pale stone broadtail fur fabric and costs 19 gns. at Peter Robinson, Oxford Circus; Arnold's, Great Yarmouth; J. & R. Allen, Edinburgh. The pale beige fur hat made by Deliss, costs 8 gns. from Gamba, Beauchamp Place

GREAT COATS!

continued

Flashpoint (*left*) in a Crayson coat is the black and white herringbone tweed that reverses to ivory. Black braid edges the black and white side. It costs 14½ gns. at Fifth Avenue, W.1; Lewis's, Manchester; Peter Richards, Oxford. Black lizard hat by Deliss, 7 gns. at Gamba. *Centre, left*: Pure vicuna colouring for Kashmoor's belted coat with wide tailored lapels and deep cuffs. It costs 14 gns. at D. H. Evans, W.1; Busby's, Harrogate. Leopard cravat and spats from Albert Hart, Curzon Street, W.1. *Far left*: Dereta's coat of pebble tweed in incendiary lime-yellow. It costs 16½ gns. at Dickins & Jones, W.1; Cresta Silks, Harrogate; Werff, Birmingham. Brown saddle-stitched bag by Deliss, 9 gns. at Gamba. Taupe leather shoes by Saxone, 45s. 11d. at most of their branches. Silk scarf is from Ascher



DANGER
FIRE



GREAT COATS! continued



Flashpoint (above) from Vernervogue is a black coney lining to a black and white tweed coat. Price 24 gns. at Cresta, New Bond Street & branches; Griffith's, Chester; County Clothes, Cheltenham. Purple suède hat, 7 gns., suède bag, 9 gns., both by Deliss at Gamba. *Left:* Black and white tweed again for Berg of Mayfair's coat with a collar of black Chapelle coney. At Harvey Nichols, S.W.1; Copland & Lye, Glasgow; Samuels, Manchester, price 65 gns. Nigger suède hat by Deliss, 8½ gns. at Gamba. *Opposite:* Fitted coat of ginger wool velour with leopard trimming to order at Bradley's for about 158 gns. Antelope felt hat, 18½ gns. at Debenhams & Freebody. *Far right:* Dove grey wool coat with rounded shoulder line; matching high hat. Both by Christian Dior-London. Coat at Harrods; Marshall & Snelgrove, Bradford; Camille, St. Annes-on-Sea. *Below:* Highwayman collar on black and white tweed coat by Koupy; 47½ gns. at Fortnum & Mason; Samuels, Manchester. Black Mongolian lamb hat by Chez Elle at Liberty's, W.1, price: 8 gns.



WARNING
FIRES
IN WOODLANDS



GREAT COATS! *concluded*

Flashpoints add up to casual elegance as well as warmth when grey, blue and white checks are woven in pure cashmere for a coat by Rodex with a straight skirt to match. The coat costs 39½ gns., the skirt, 12 gns., at The Scotch House, S.W.1; Marshall & Snelgrove, Manchester & Birmingham; Mme. Campbell, Bournemouth. Nigger-brown flat casuals by Saxone: 45s. 11d. stocked in most Saxone branches





COUNTER SPY

ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD

MICROFILM BY MARTIN THAIR

1. **Tapestry taste** in flower-patterned pure worsted Brussels carpeting. In terra cotta, black or white grounds, it is 3 ft. 3½ ins. wide, costs 6 gns. a metre from Liberty who will measure and lay carpets as well as repair them

2. **New patterns** from the Decorators range of Wilton Royal. In good colours, they cost from 51s. a yard, are 27 inches wide and come from Heal's; Kean & Scott, Birmingham; G. H. Lee, Liverpool. Wilton Royal's best quality Wilton carpets can be dyed to any colour, any length

3. **Bri-Nylon** carpeting by Shildon with a bonded rubber underlay in jade green; it is dirt-repellent. Subtle colours, plain or patterned, in two widths: 27 inches (about 55s.) and 54 inches (about £5 10s.). From John Lewis; Edwin Jones, Southampton and Kendal Milne, Manchester

4. **Acrilan** rugs—fluffy, washable and drip-dry—in oblong and half moon shapes by Rivington. In pale colours, they cost from £5 10s. to £14 13s. 8d. at Heal's; Harrison Gibson, Ilford & Bromley; C. & J. Brown, Edinburgh

5. **Key-patterned** Swedish wool reversible rug (6 ft. 3 ins. × 4 ft. 3 ins.) from a new selection at Liberty's. This one in deep, soft pile is in two topaz colours, costs £25 10s.

6. **Sculptured** effect wool carpet has a high and low cut loop pile which resists wear and is backed up by *Permapad* backing—a feature of many Rivington carpets. Called *Cumulus*, in broadloom widths up to 15 feet, it comes in six colours, costs 85s. a yard from Heal's; Harrison Gibson branches; C. & J. Brown, Edinburgh

7. **Formal sprays** of roses spread across John Crossley design "Rosa Mundi": 59s. 6d. a yard. Colour selection is available from buyers of John Crossley carpets ending in "dale" which indicates a choice of two to four colours which can be chosen (if design is suitable) to match room scheme. To order through Maple's; Catesby's

8. **Tufted carpet** in mushroom coloured Wilton has a twisted pile which gives greater depth: 77s. a square yard. From Maple's, large choice of broadloom widths up to 12 feet wide

9. **Persian rug** in rich, sombre, marine blue and red comes from Oriental Carpet Manufacturers (4a Newgate Street, E.C.1) who have superb Persian, Afghanistan, Indian and Chinese rugs. Persian rugs range from about £14 to £100 for rarer pieces. To order through stores and shops



VERDICTS

THEATRE

Anthony Cookman

Vicious circle in the suburbs

MR. JACK RONDER'S *This Year, Next Year* at the Vaudeville is a conspicuously honest play. It describes the plight of two sisters who live together in a state of angry recrimination and yet cannot bear to break up the little hell they are creating for themselves. Each fears that the other will be lonely if deserted. The relationship, at once ridiculous and pathetic, is common enough in family life to deserve more attention than it has so far gained from the stage. By making it the subject of the first of his plays to be given professional production and finding actresses of the calibre of Miss Pamela Brown and Miss Brenda Bruce to play the sisters, Mr. Ronder was giving himself a good chance. He fails by only a slight margin to make the most of it.

The sisters are truthfully and vividly observed. Nearing middle-age (though that is a secret they hope to keep from the world), they are office workers sharing a suburban flat. Margaret, flamboyantly oversexed, is gay but utterly useless in the kitchen. She has had lovers and just now has her boss in tow and he would like her to marry him. Louie has had no lovers and is indifferent to her appearance. She is willing enough to do all the domestic chores, but she feels angry and resentful when her sister without warning stays out all night. She regards this indecorous conduct as somehow an affront to the idea of a happy marriage which they have both cherished since childhood.

Margaret understands her resentment, but constantly asks herself why her style should be cramped by her sister's damnable loyalty. She may not be able to make a cup of tea for herself, but she would

get along all right if only she were left alone. She would in all probability make her lover her husband then, but what can she do so long as Louie remains unmarried. The situation meanwhile produces row after violent row, and reconciliations that cannot possibly last.

But truthfully and vividly as Mr. Ronder describes this single relationship, we gradually become aware that he is not getting under the skin of the sisters. Thinking out the situation is not the sisters' strong point. They seem altogether without any glimmerings of self-knowledge, and the author seems to feel it a point of honour to avoid any comment on whatever neuroticism has enmeshed them. For the best part of two acts he is content to present them plausibly but unilluminatingly from the outside.

At last he feels that something dramatic must be done with his characters. He does it in such a way as to forfeit our belief in them. There is a seedy musician upstairs who might be not unwilling to be caught in a marriage of someone else's contrivance. What with drink and fecklessness he is in a position to welcome any new deal from life. Margaret makes it her business to arrange for him to offer Louie marriage.

The man, whose loneliness and sense of inferiority Mr. Michael Gough threads through with great personal charm, falls into the trap. Things get as far as the wedding breakfast. The widower realizes that Louie's spinsterhood has become a thick clinging cocoon out of which she is finding it desperately difficult to break. Still he does not despair: his charm will find a way through. Then Margaret gets tipsy on champagne and spills the beans. She has been ditched by the man she was going to marry; and all the sad misgivings of her sister crystallize at once into the conviction that in that case there will be no marriage for her either. Margaret, slowly recovering from the champagne, murmurs thoughtfully that evidently it is not in her to be a giver. She must go on being, as always, taker.

All this active part of the play left me incredulous—much as I enjoyed the magnificently clean sweep that Mr. Gough made of the wedding breakfast; but before Mr. Ronder turns from the exhibition of a relationship to its analysis

there is a great deal to enjoy, and the three leading parts are delightfully played.



SISTERS—BUT WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT IT?—*Top*: Gay, life-loving Margaret (Pamela Brown), who is caught in a web of obligation with (above) the stay-at-home Louie (Brenda Bruce), in *This Year, Next Year*. Below: Joe from upstairs (Michael Gough) makes friendly advances to Louie



The play

This Year, Next Year. Vaudeville Theatre. (Pamela Brown, Brenda Bruce, Michael Gough, David Langton.)

The films

Saturday Night & Sunday Morning. Director Karel Reisz. (Albert Finney, Shirley Anne Field, Rachel Roberts, Norman Rossington, Hylda Baker.)

The Alamo. Director John Wayne. (John Wayne, Richard Widmark, Laurence Harvey.)

The Criminal. Director Joseph Losey. (Stanley Baker, Margit Saad, Sam Wanamaker, Gregoire Aslan.)

Beat Girl. Director Edmond Greville. (Christopher Lee, Noelle Adam, Adam Faith.)

Jungle Cat. Director James Algar.

The books

Don't Tell Alfred, by Nancy Mitford. (Hamish Hamilton, 15s.)

Permanent Red, by John Berger. (Methuen, 16s.)

Boswell For The Defence, Ed. William K. Wimsatt & Fredk. A. Pottle. (Heinemann, 30s.)

Phogey! by Malcolm Bradbury. (Max Parrish, 13s. 6d.)

The records

Sketches Of Spain, by Miles Davis.

Tomorrow Is The Question, by Ornette Coleman.

Bluebeard Blues, by Sidney Bechet.
My Woman's Blues & What A Dream, by Sidney Bechet.

Annie Ross With The Tony Crombie Quartet.

The galleries

Sir Matthew Smith. Royal Academy.

Jack Smith. Matthiesen Gallery.

CINEMA

Elspeth Grant

Mr. Finney extorts
my respect

WITHOUT EVEN REACHING FOR MY crystal ball, I predict that *Saturday Night & Sunday Morning* will rank high in the lists of "Ten Best Films of the Year" which the critics will soon (how few shopping days are there to Christmas?) be compiling. The screenplay—an adaptation by Mr. Alan Sillitoe of his novel—is honest and earthy, and Mr. Karel Reisz, a graduate from the documentary school, has directed it with a fine understanding of the working-class milieu.

There is nothing much to admire about the central character, Arthur Seaton, a Nottingham factory hand: "What I want," he says, "is a good time. All the rest is propaganda." Yet, brilliantly played by Mr. Albert Finney, Arthur somehow commands one's reluctant respect. He has guts and an individual attitude to life. He is no member of the "beat" generation, of which I am heartily sick.

He works hard at a lathe all week, earns good money, pays his Mum (Miss Elsie Wagstaffe) for his keep and gives her a quid or two over the odds—and if he likes to spend what's left on clothes and booze and a girl-friend, that is his business and to blazes with the sneaky, gossiping neighbours.

He has an affair with a workmate's wife (Miss Rachel Roberts) while maintaining a show of friendship for his ineffectual husband (Mr. Bryan Pringle), whom he despises. Though Arthur seems genuinely upset when his mistress finds she is pregnant, this does not prevent him from pursuing a young girl he has picked up in a pub (the interesting Miss Shirley Anne Field).

The betrayed mistress returns to the betrayed husband, who realizes



at last that Arthur has been making a fool of him. Too weak to take revenge himself, he sets his burly soldier-brother and a friend on to Arthur. They beat him up savagely (in a scene so ugly I could not watch it)—but Arthur bears no malice: after all, he reasons, he had it coming to him. Maybe he had better take a wife of his own: Miss Field would do—and she is all in favour. The rollicking "Saturday Night" of Arthur's life is drawing to a close—the "Sunday Morning"

of settling down is soon to come.

Mr. Finney's remarkable performance dominates the film but one must not overlook the excellence of the supporting cast—especially Miss Roberts, Mr. Norman Rossington as Arthur's admiring cousin and Miss Hylda Baker as his knowing Aunt Ada. Warmly recommended.

Mr. John Wayne is alleged to have invested his entire fortune in his three-and-a-half hour film, *The Alamo*. This was surely rather

MARRIAGE OR NOTHING, the girl who knows how to handle men (Shirley Anne Field), tells the man who thinks he knows how to handle girls (Albert Finney), after an unsatisfactory visit to the cinema. From *Saturday Night & Sunday Morning*

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LANCÔME

daring of him as most of us are familiar with the subject and already know how the historic battle ended—with a Mexican army of 7,000 slaughtering, to the last man, the gallant little force of 185 men from Texas and Tennessee who made a stand at the little adobe mission on the Rio Bravo, in order to give General Sam Houston time to mass his troops in the north.

I have fought at the Alamo on several previous occasions—once, I recall, with Colonel Jim Bowie and once with Colonel Davey Crockett. Both of these gentlemen, of course, turn up again here (Mr. Richard Widmark is the one with the knife and Mr. Wayne himself the one in the coon-skin cap)—under the command of a tetchy Colonel Travis played, rather surprisingly, by Mr. Laurence Harvey, whose accent gravitates from the Deep South to Shaftesbury Avenue as the action develops.

Admittedly Mr. Wayne's film is splendidly spectacular—the scenes in which the Mexican army swarms over the entire landscape are tremendously good—but I find all the carnage hard to take, especially as the outcome is a foregone conclusion.

In Mr. Joseph Losey's grim film, *The Criminal*, Mr. Stanley Baker plays an underworld gang-boss who is given a 15-year jail sentence for robbery. He has double-crossed his

accomplices, including the sinister Mr. Sam Wanamaker, by secretly stashing away the proceeds of the robbery—£40,000—for his own use on release.

Mr. Wanamaker has useful contacts within the prison—notably the blandly unscrupulous M. Gregoire Aslan—and Mr. Baker is clearly not going to be allowed to get away with it. The film presents a horrifying picture of prison-life: an unpopular prisoner is beaten-up brutally by his fellow-criminals, warders turn a blind eye and a deaf ear—and the Governor (Mr. Noel Willman) seems to be hopelessly out of touch with what goes on. This part of the film is quite depressingly convincing: I wouldn't want to see it again.

A Miss Gillian Hills, unknown to me, gives a most persuasively beastly performance in the title-role of *Beat Girl*—as a spoilt little chit from a decent home who eventually learns that there's no future in running with a pack of beatniks and "living for kicks."

After spending an hour or so in the company of these odious brats, it was a joy to escape to the rain forests of the Amazon and meet a pair of handsome, ferocious jaguars in *Jungle Cat*. Superbly photographed in Technicolor, Mr. Disney's latest "True Life Adventure" is well up to the high standard of the series.

BOOKS

Siriol Hugh-Jones

Nancy, what are you sounding now?

MISS NANCY MITFORD IS BEGINNING to remind me of the trumpeter everyone kept badgering to know what he was sounding now; I do not quite see what she is up to in her new book *Don't Tell Alfred*. With a marvellous bubble-wit and a cunning sweetness she unearthed, in the early comedies of manners, a rich vein of patrician English eccentricity and lent valuable additions to the vocabulary (oh the bliss of it, do tell, do admit, brimming, sewers and the like.) This was also clearly a world she knew backwards, and was happy in, and the young people in it had charm and brio and a kind of cosy glitter. With *Don't Tell Alfred*, something seems to have gone sour.

The scene is Paris, the background top-level diplomatic diversions. A good many old friends turn up again, middle-aged now and not at all the nicer for the extra years—with the notable exception of Uncle Matthew, who is living in

The Mews, cared for by a devoted taxi-driver who brings him hot luncheon from the Drivers' Rest and Culture Hall. The narrator is once again Fanny, whose husband Alfred has been uprooted from Oxford and appointed Ambassador to Paris. Linda and the Gallic dreamboat Sauveterre are no more, and the landscape has grown bleak and full of phenomena Miss Mitford views icily—Teds, Zen-boys, rock and roll idols, the get-rich-quick young, eager to throw away the benefits of Eton and first-class degrees, coach-parties of English abroad, Nuclear Disarmament marchers and all.

The only juvenile person of whom Miss Mitford seems to approve is a repellent blue-eyed tease called Northey (she was conceived in the Great Northern Hotel) who is pretty much a shadow of Linda and is continually in tears about lobsters, badgers and bullocks. It is all rather as though Miss Mitford wrote down a list of all the things she particularly disliked about contemporary life and decided to skittle them all down together—the only difficulty being that so many of them seem to be wildly out of her immediate experience.

What she knows about at first-hand—the pretty corners of Paris, the French countryside, the dottier reaches of international diplomacy

—is splendidly done, the style is as idiosyncratic as ever, and there is at least one page (a superb Bad Taste extended joke about the Verminous Ambulating Raiments that are sent to scenes of appalling disaster but wisely never unpacked) that made me cry with laughter. Yet the taste it leaves behind is faintly acid, the climate somehow touched with a deathly chill. Die-hard Anglophiles may take some comfort from the news that England still has the Ritz, Eton, digestives and Cooper's Oxford, and the coach-tour people turn out to be delightful in spite of their habit of singing in unison during waits.

John Berger, besides being The Marxist Art Critic, is also about the best, liveliest and most readable art critic we have, now that Michael Ayrton won't write but only talks on television. Berger's collected essays, *Permanent Red*, make an intoxicating and splendid book, vigorous and eye-opening and entirely free from mandarin

art-talk code. It is somehow tremendously reassuring to find one critic who regards art as part of society, or else. He has an energetic, wiry intelligence and his tone of voice, though far from silky, is so unaggressive and plainly honest that he often sounds like the best kind of teacher, who won't shout down the opinionated persons in the front rows nor let the sluggards snooze at the back of the class.

Briefly . . . Boswell For The Defence is superb. Boswell starts a family, goes hobnobbing and nobbing so cordially with Johnson (I wish I could take to that massive talker, but am always guiltily forced to think of him, with Falstaff, as one of the Giants I Have Missed), admires Garrick quoting Macbeth while walking near the Adelphi, sympathizes with Goldsmith trying to edge his way into the conversation, drinks gallons of tea, and goes "with bad women a little." The last part of the book is made up of his

CONTINUED ON PAGE 362



JERRY BAUER

From the vantage point of her Paris home in the rue Monsieur, the Hon. Nancy Mitford looks with a critical eye at recent social developments, in Don't Tell Alfred, reviewed here. It is her first novel for nine years. Her last book, Voltaire In Love, appeared three years ago, following on the success of her biography of Mme. de Pompadour, mistress of Louis XV

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JOHN MURRAY

BANNER OVER PUSAN

W. Ellery Anderson, M.B.E., M.C.

Recent events in Korea have given this book an added topical significance. Although the setting is the Korean War and the principal characters are fighting men of many nations, this is only a war book in a very limited sense. It is a sensitive and penetrating study of what war does to ordinary men and women caught up in a drama they cannot understand until it is too late. Major Anderson, a British Regular Army officer, is posted to Korea after his service in the Second World War with the Parachute Regiment. He trains and leads guerilla bands of British, American and Korean paratroops in daring sabotage operations behind the enemy lines. No more vivid and controversial book has emerged from the Korean war.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 360

devoted and agonized defence of a man condemned to be hanged for sheep-stealing, and is both fine and painful. . . . André François' **The Biting Eye** with an introduction by Ronald Searle, is a beautifully produced record of some of the less-known aspects of this master of the wrecked-nib line, who can pin down a great deal more than knights and bearded Frenchmen, and whose jokes, in spite of the enormous surface charm, are not always as sweet as you might suppose. Super to buy to give as a Christmas present and keep for self. . . . *Ten François* books for children are listed in the bibliography, none with English publishers. This causes me anguish and fury. What's the matter with them? We must press for immediate action. And though I am now steadily going off the idea of even one more funny book about the risible English and their horrible national characteristics, I must admit that Malcolm Bradbury's **Phogey!** is rather splendid for being so fierce and to the point.

RECORDS

Gerald Lascelles

The rain in Spain?

CONCURRENTLY WITH HIS BRITISH tour, Miles Davis produced an album based on the music of the Spanish composer, Joaquín Rodrigo. **Sketches of Spain** (STFL531) encompasses the pencil-thin sound of his astonishing horn in an almost concert conception, which does not come off successfully. The spade-work and orchestration was by Gil Evans, a notable writer who has already backed Davis on several albums. I hold Evans in no way responsible for the ineffectual outcome of this attempt to combine Miles Davis with a concert suite.

The same Gil, free-lancing with a big band of his own (LAE12234) produces some fruitful jazz, in which the balance is happily maintained between rich-sounding ensemble and interesting soloists. He never achieves the swinging drive that Quincy Jones derives from his Basie-based group, but there are no dull tracks, and the old Don Redman composition, *Chant of the Weed* is given an entirely fresh look.

I must return to thoughts of Miles Davis, after his interesting but disappointing tour last month; from all reports his audiences accepted his unfortunate manner in good grace, although many listeners, myself included, came away with a rather baffled feeling about

the jazz we had heard. I find him more comprehensible when I can play and replay his records without the distraction of seeing his almost saturnine, utterly disinterested face staring at the ground a few feet away from his horn. On one Esquire release (EP232) he has fun at the expense of two old standards *Blue room* and *Whispering*. Being 1951 recordings, they show him in a less mature stage than the 1956 pieces in his quintet album (32-108).

Ornette Coleman, an alto saxophonist who has been suggested as a possible inheritor of the laurels worn by Charlie Parker, poses us all **Tomorrow is the question** (LAC12228). His first album for the same label, *Something else* (LAC12170) cut little ice with me, but the year which elapsed between the two sessions seems to have curbed his initial urge to show off and prove to everyone that he *can* play the saxophone. That issue, so far as I am concerned, is not in doubt, but I am not yet sufficiently so convinced or electrified that I will pass on "Bird's" mantle to him yet. That, I think, is something for the future, but the imaginative Mr. Coleman has stylish possibilities, a fertile imagination, and that same fiery attack which the impetuous Bird used to unleash so brilliantly on some unexpected chord sequence.

If you like Ornette's *Rejoicing*, with its sombre implications, you will enjoy the rest. He does not make as much use of the melodic implications of jazz as I would wish, but maturity may correct this fault. His unpretentious quartet features Don Cherry on trumpet, Shelly Manne on drums, and either Percy Heath or Red Mitchell on bass. Note the absence of piano, which for once does not leave an empty sound to the group.

Among the little records Philips' Junior Jazz Gallery offers good value. There is an enchanting pair by Bechet (JAZ110) and Basie's **Bluebeard blues** (JAZ109) which has more than the usual ration of his spicy piano work. Singer Annie Ross blends closely with Tony Crombie's quartet (PEP604), as if she had been singing with them all her life, instead of snatching a studio date in Britain between hectic commitments in the States with the famous Lambert-Hendricks-Ross trio.

GALLERIES

Alan Roberts

A tale of two Smiths

I KNEW (OR THOUGHT I KNEW) Sir Matthew Smith fairly well during the last nine or ten years of his life.

To me he, not Sydney Smith, was the Smith of Smiths. He was a man of quite extraordinary gentleness and kindness that showed itself from the moment of our first meeting.

I had gone to his tiny one-room flatlet in a Chelsea block to interview him one winter morning and found him amusing his charlady's little daughter with funny drawings and playing games of pictorial "Consequences." He made tea for the three of us in a kitchen that was just a cupboard in the wall, and we all sat on the edge of his bed to drink it.

After a while the conversation came round to my own family and I mentioned that my young son was a budding lepidopterist. When I left an hour later the artist—he was then over 70—insisted upon coming with me. On our way to the King's Road he suddenly nipped into a secondhand shop to emerge shortly after with a box of beautiful butterflies. "A little present," he said shyly, "for your son."

There was the day, too, when Jacob Epstein was knighted and would see no one from the press. I told Matthew Smith and immediately he picked up the telephone, dialled a number and cracked, "That you, Sir Jake? There's a very good friend of mine who wants to see you. . . ."

Sir Jacob saw me. And not only that time but every time afterwards.

Memories of these and many other kindnesses came rushing back to me when I went to the Royal Academy where Sir Matt's memory is now, a year after his death, being honoured with a magnificent exhibition that is not only the first one-man show in the main galleries since Sargent's in 1926, but is also the first ever given to the work of an artist who was not a member of the R.A. (Like Epstein, he never once submitted his work to the Summer Exhibition.)

What, I found myself asking, had the frail, gentle, avuncular, old man I knew to do with the glorious orgy of colour and rhythm and sensuousness and sensuality spread out before me in six large galleries? What had he to do with the voluptuous, fleshy nudes sprawling provocatively on their crimson and green and blue and purple draperies in Gallery X? What, more particularly, had he to do with the outside still-lives, the flowers and the portraits, all of them violent and even crude in colour, filling Gallery VII?

These latter were the canvases he was painting at the time I knew him. They reminded me that I had never been allowed to watch him at work. They reminded me, too, what a secret and lonely thing is the soul of a great artist.

Painting them, more than 40 years after his brief but inspiring attendance at Matisse's school, he had finally abandoned the last

elements of modelling and was using clearly defined areas of flat colour. After a lifetime of work he had apparently come round completely to the French master's concept of painting as colour + line + rhythm. Even the slightest concession to eye-cheating by *chiaroscuro* or perspective was out.

What I have called the crudeness of his colour in these late pictures may well have been the result of his seriously impaired eyesight. But, crude or not, it is so vibrant and vital as to belie his advanced years and poor state of health. It was as if the last embers of a dying bonfire had suddenly and momentarily burst into dazzling flame.

This is an exhibition you must see. Although overcrowded, and mixing failures and successes indiscriminately, it is far more stimulating and satisfying than any Academy Summer Exhibition. It covers the period between 1910, when the artist was just beginning, at the age of 30, to bloom under the manifold influences of Paris, and 1955, after which date he seems to have painted little. It includes, too, some beautifully strong drawings that refute, once and (we hope) for all, the absurd idea that "Matthew Smith was a painter who could not draw."

An excellent introduction to the exhibition catalogue quotes his protest at being dismissed as simply a colourist. "Feeling is all very well," he said, "but there must be science, too."

Had he said, instead, "Science is all very well but there must be feeling," he would have summed up my feelings about the other Smith—Jack Smith—whose work is on show in London now.

Recently Jack Smith has disowned his earlier, socially conscious "kitchen sink" paintings. Or, to be more exact, he has denied that any social content was intended. Now he is obsessed with light—not with the effects of objects in light as the Impressionists were, but with the light itself.

In his many still-lives—with titles like *Bottles in sunlight* or *Light and dark machine with objects* or *Jug and other objects*—it is as if he had extracted the objects and left only the light that fell on them, caressing them, arrested by them or passing through them. The results are near-abstract in appearance and appeal to the intellect rather than to the senses.

The artist is very articulate about them. As I understand him he is saying that for the purposes of his painting nothing exists except by virtue of the light that falls upon it and reveals it to our sight. And I am reminded of:

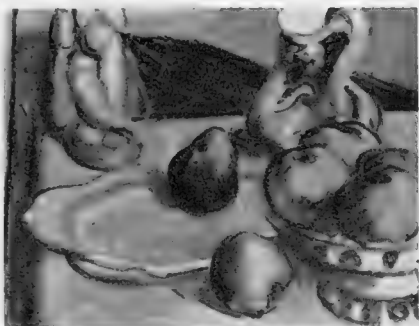
The philosopher, one Bishop
Berkeley,
Who remarked metaphysically,
darkly,

That what we don't see
Cannot possibly be
And the rest is altogether unlikely.



Above: *A Matthew Smith nude at the Royal Academy*

ill Life At Tickerage, nother Matthew Smith



Below: *Jack Smith's Figure With Easels the Matthiesen Gallery*



Heads

you win...

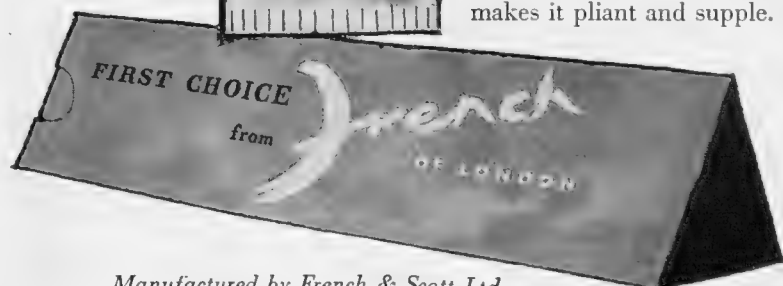
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GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

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The products in the pan should be sampled for their highly individual reactions on skin. Firstly, Helena Rubin-

stein's **Honey Tonic** has a name which sums up its gentle, honey-laden, tonic effect. Easing out tiny lines, refreshing and toning, it's a nectar for the skin past 35. A newcomer to Helena Rubinstein's famed **Skin Life** treatment range. Secondly, Charles of the Ritz **Skin Bloom** is a moisturizer supreme. Bland, scentless, it is the balm most English skins crave. Skin Bloom gives a colourless base to hold powder. Thirdly, Phyllis Scott-Lesley's **Skin Tonic** is a pale sea-blue tonic designed to perk up normal and dry skins. Like a refreshing spatter of rain, it contains distilled flower essences and bio-pollen; prepares skin to take foundation beautifully



PRISCILLA CONRAN

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DINING IN

Helen Burke

High time for endives

NOW THAT I CAN NO LONGER FIND our delicious little English marrows and tender runner beans in my greengrocer's shop—they have had a wonderfully long run this year—I turn to winter vegetables. Brussels sprouts, usually the first to be considered, I shall give a miss for a few weeks, believing that they will be all the better for a touch of frost. In place of sprouts, chicory comes into its own as a cooked or salad green.

Whatever you call it—chicory or Belgian endive—it is the same vegetable, with long, slightly bitter, blanched leaves tightly packed together into cigar shapes. It is much easier to refer to dishes of endive and so-&-so than to chicory and so-&-so. That is why, though growers try to educate us to chicory, we still cling to endive. Most of this chicory/endive comes from Belgium, but long before World War II I had wonderful blanched chicory/endive grown in the Thames valley. Why not? Brussels sprouts are decidedly British now—so, for that matter, are French beans.

PLAIN ENDIVE SALAD. Dress with oil and vinegar. Let me give you a tip about this from Madame Prunier. She says, always mix the oil and seasoning together before adding the vinegar, if you want a bland and pleasing mixture. Too often one gets a dressing so sharp and vinegary that it is almost inedible. This is because the pepper, salt and (if used) mustard have not, in the first place, been blended into the oil. Try this tip and see what you think of it. To stand up to the flavour of the endives, it is best to use a fair amount of mustard in the dressing.

Sliced endives mix well with sliced firm tomatoes, but with sliced cooked beetroot the dish becomes an ugly one, since beetroot dyes whatever it touches. Keep the two apart, therefore, until they meet on the plate and then they become excellent companions.

SALADE FLAMANDE. For a clean-cut salad use sliced endive/chicory and cold cooked waxy potatoes. **ENDIVES SUPREME** is one of my favourite ways of serving it. The recipe has appeared already in these notes. Briefly, it is cooked endives wrapped in slices of boiled ham,

covered with cheese sauce and browned under the grill. But here is a new way when there are little bits of bacon or ham at the end of a "boiled" piece.

For 4 servings, boil 8 endives/chicories for 8 to 10 minutes in salted water, to which has been added the juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon. Drain well and press in a linen cloth to extract all possible moisture.

Meanwhile, gently simmer a finely chopped onion in a little butter until it is translucent. Add, say, a cupful of chopped cooked bacon or ham and toss it about to heat through. Mix them with just under $\frac{1}{2}$ pint medium thick white sauce (and a dessertspoon of chopped parsley would not be amiss). Season with a small teaspoon of French mustard, freshly-milled pepper and, if necessary, salt to taste. Add one of those little triangles of Swiss cheese and leave it to melt through.

Put about a third of this sauce into a shallow oven-dish. Place the cooked endives, side by side and in one layer, in it. Cover them with the remaining sauce and slip the dish under a fairly hot grill until the surface bubbles and becomes brown-flecked.

A beaten egg in the sauce is not essential, but a whole one can be added to give extra nourishment and make for a better browned finish.

Here is another wholesome and generous light luncheon dish:

Prepare the endives as above and make the sauce in the same way, but without the ham. Cover the endives in the oven-dish with 4 sliced hard-boiled eggs, add the sauce as before and finish as above. Or, reducing the quantities to suit appetites, use both ham or bacon and hard-boiled eggs.

BRAISED BLANCHED ENDIVES is an excellent vegetable dish.

Place the raw endives, side by side, in a casserole. Add the juice of a small lemon, pepper and salt to taste, then pour 2 oz. melted butter over the endives. Place butter paper down on them, put on the lid and bake for 40 minutes in a fairly hot oven (375 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 5). Remove the lid and paper and slip under the grill to colour the endives a pleasing brown.

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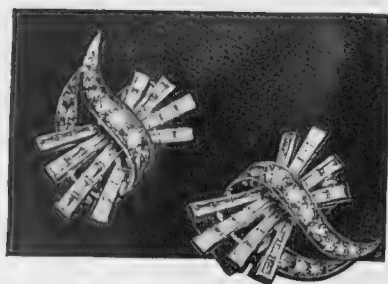


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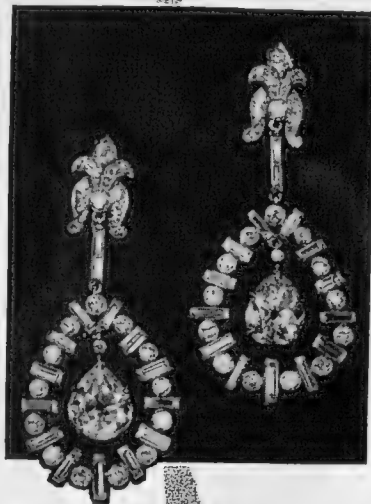
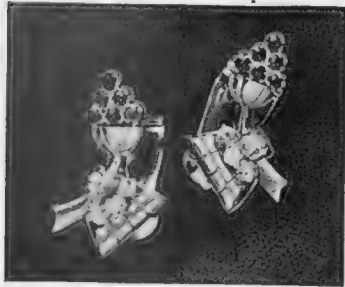
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COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

by ALBERT ADAIR

BROWSING at the Antique Dealers' Fair at Grosvenor House this summer I was intrigued by an unusual exhibition on the stand of Messrs. Arditti and Majercas, dealers in fine tapestries and all kinds of rare needlework. It was the piece of English embroidery, shown above, depicting the betrothal of the Virgin Mary and St. Joseph.

The more familiar type of embroidery that England made its own during the 17th century is known as Stump Work. This is the rather naive yet extravagant raised or padded work, common enough to appear quite frequently in the sale rooms in the form of panels, caskets and pictures. But this piece is something special, quite different in style, character and workmanship—a rare example of professional embroidery by Edmund Harrison (1589-1666).

At one time, Harrison was embroiderer to James I, and was the leading member of the Broderer's Company, acknowledged to be the finest at his craft in all Europe. He alone of his contemporaries appears to have mastered the art of working metal threads into embroidery.

This picture is one of a pair from an original set of six woven for Lord Stafford of Corby Castle, Carlisle. A third is at the Victoria and Albert Museum and is catalogued in their booklet *50 Masterpieces of Textiles*. The embroidery is worked on canvas in coloured silks and metal thread. The garments are embroidered by means of a metal thread, laid horizontally and couched with silk—a method never employed in the domestic embroidery of the time.

The subjects are all religious, copied from original Flemish paintings, probably from the brush of Martin de Vos. A rare and interesting example, it is signed and dated 1637.

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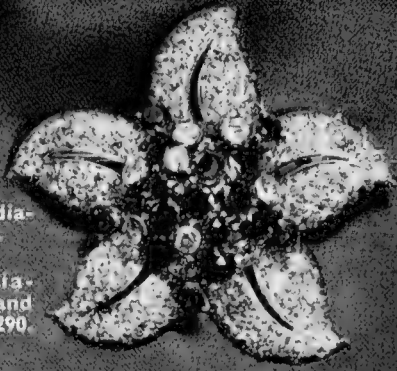
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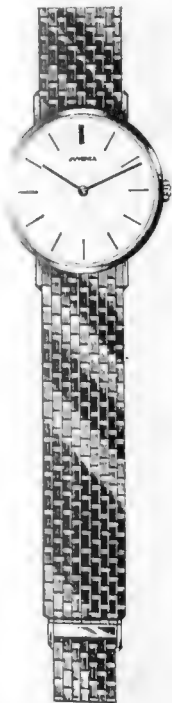
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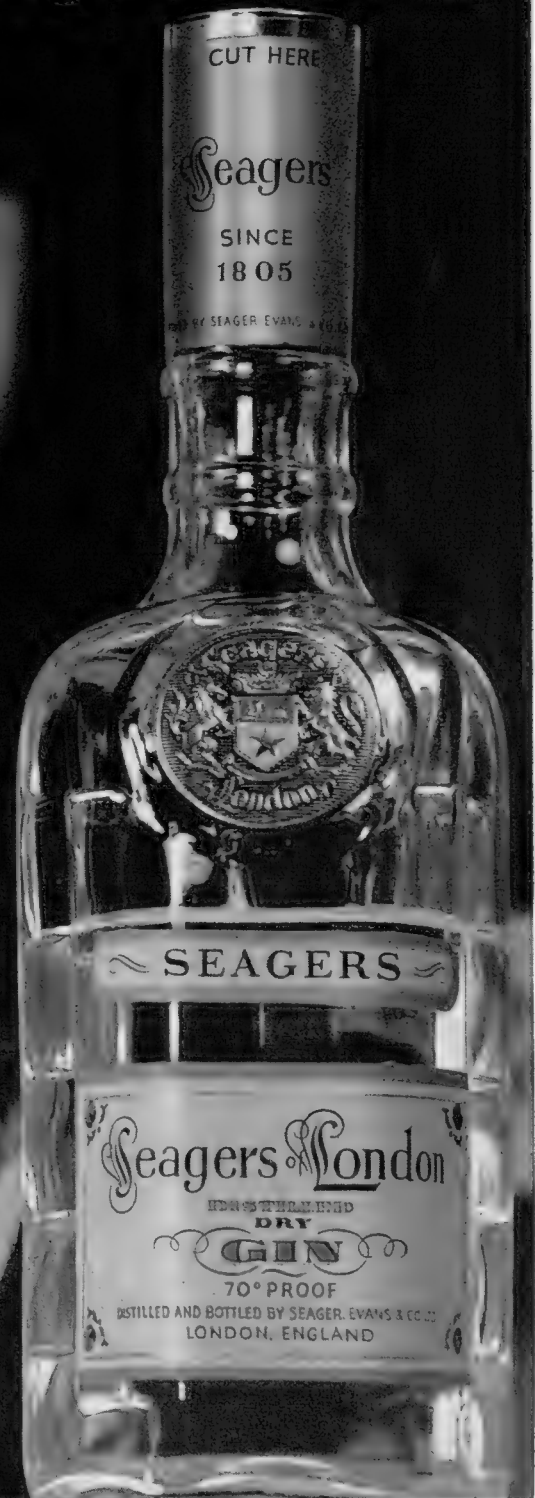
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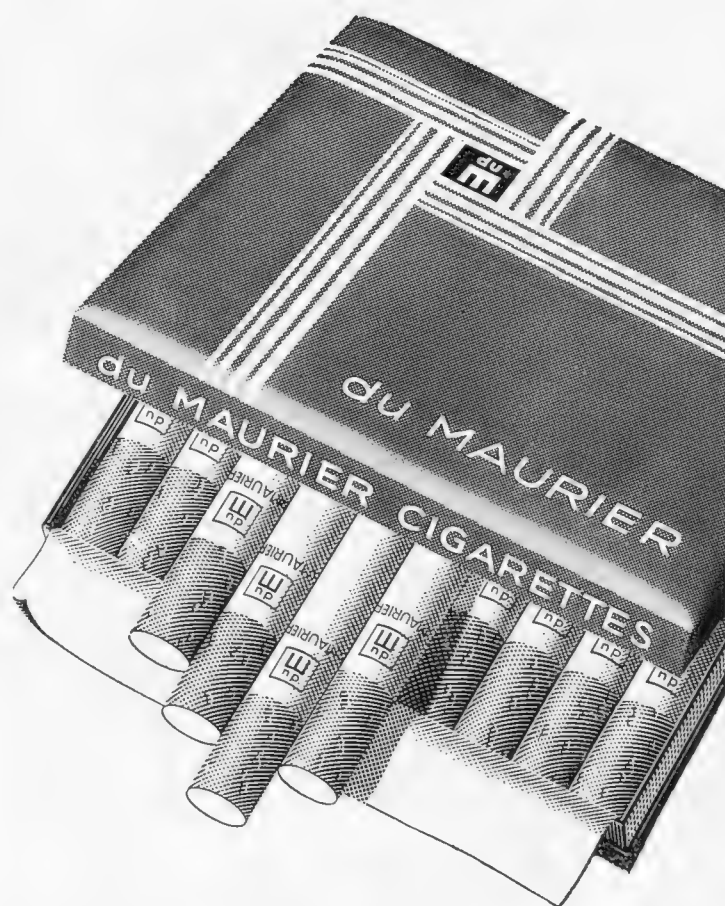


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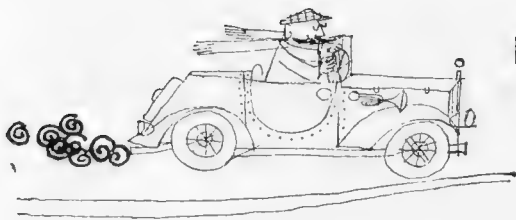


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MOTORING

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Refining the Super Snipe

JUST BECAUSE THE MANUFACTURERS have announced that many cars are being continued without major change for next year, don't imagine they are exactly the same cars we knew a year or two ago. One of the most improved is the Humber Super Snipe which I tried out on the Goodwood track a few days ago with Peter Ware, the shrewd young engineering director of the Rootes Group, whose team has wrought the transformation.

In its original form this was not exactly a history-making car. It was nicely finished, roomy and comfortable, but its six cylinders offered no great margin in size or power over the four-cylinder unit of the Hawk—hardly surprising perhaps since it had originally been conceived as a Hawk replacement. It had a nice three-speed all-synchromesh gearbox, and the power-assisted steering was light enough, but friction in the pivots prevented it centering itself after a sharp corner—one had to unwind swiftly to prevent the car running over the kerb.

The engine was soon increased to 2,965 c.c. to give nearly 130 horsepower, and the springing system has been redesigned with stronger springs. These have almost banished roll and transformed the road-holding without reducing the comfort of the ride. It is now a fast car capable of rushing up into the nineties quite swiftly, and if driven into a sharp corner a shade too fast it shows no alarming tendency to

slide its tail or drift its front end across the road.

The power-assisted steering (optional) is so light that one can spin the wheel with a finger while parking. It is accurate at speed and the wheel spins back without effort after a sharp corner. The secret is in the new friction-free steering pivots lined with a remarkable slippery plastic with a tongue-twisting name which is conveniently abbreviated to PTFE. The new front end has four headlamps, which give better vision for fast night driving.

The next step should be a fresh look at the design of the seats, which certainly give more legroom than last year but seem soft where they should be firm and vice-versa. Grab handles would also be useful, preferably in the roof, so that passengers can brace themselves comfortably when the driver is hurrying on winding roads.

The new six-cylinder engine produced for the luxury version of the Standard Vanguard is only about 1½ inches longer than the four-cylinder and it weighs about 58 lb. less, so that the steering is appreciably lighter, especially when parking. Though only 1,998 c.c. against 2,088 c.c. for the four-cylinder, it delivers 85 horsepower against 68 and runs up to higher revs. The car I drove had the four-speed gearbox with central lever, and though the synchromesh worked quite well the long lever was rather whippy when making fast changes.

The engine was quiet and smooth, and soon showed 70 on the clock in third, while in top it accelerated briskly to over 80. However, the torque of the engine is slightly below that of the old one, so that it is not an engine for slogging along slowly in top. It remains perfectly smooth, but one needs to change down for a swift get-away in traffic. For this reason I think the four-speed gearbox is preferable to the optional three-speed, unless one is prepared to pay the extra for overdrive, which would allow a lot of traffic driving to be done in second and overdrive second at a flick on the steering column switch.

For £25 extra on the basic price one obtains a number of other benefits besides the smoother, more powerful engine. Interior trim is entirely different and more luxurious, with new seats of reasonably comfortable shape (I am becoming increasingly critical about seating design in general) and a new instrument panel on which neat, circular dials are grouped under a cowl in front of the driver. A neat lever on the steering column enables one to switch from side through dipped to main beam lamps but one has to flick a switch on the instrument panel first, so it cannot be used as a headlamp flasher, which is a pity.

I would rather have seen separate front seats instead of a bench, as they make life more comfortable for occupants of varying leg lengths

and one simply cannot seat three abreast in comfort in the front, anyway. The air intake for the heating system is now neatly faired into the scuttle instead of projecting, and inside there is a good deal of matt black safety padding.

* * *
Mr. Alick Dick, managing director of Standard Triumph is one of the industrial leaders who really tries to get to know the buyer's needs at first hand. He recently returned from a trip to North America with sales director Mike Whitfield which covered an unusual amount of ground. Starting at New Orleans, they motored to Houston, then flew to Phoenix, where they picked up Triumph TR3s to drive to Los Angeles via Las Vegas. They travelled by train to Denver (a mistake, as they admitted later) and collected more Triumph for the drive to Chicago, then flew to New York and concluded with a long drive up to Toronto. A strenuous trip which must have produced some invaluable information from agents and owners on the way.

* * *
Messrs. InterContinental Cars Ltd., of Walton-on-Thames, concessionaires for Facel Vega, inform us that the prices for the Facellia series mentioned in our Motor Show issue (19 October) are: £2,692 15s. 10d. for the 4-seater sports Saloon Coupé; £2,593 12s. 6d. for the 2 + 2-seater Sports Hardtop, and £2,508 12s. 6d. for the 2/3-seater sports Drophead Coupé



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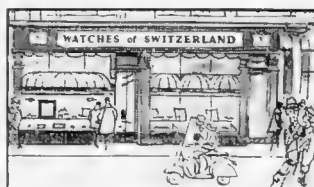
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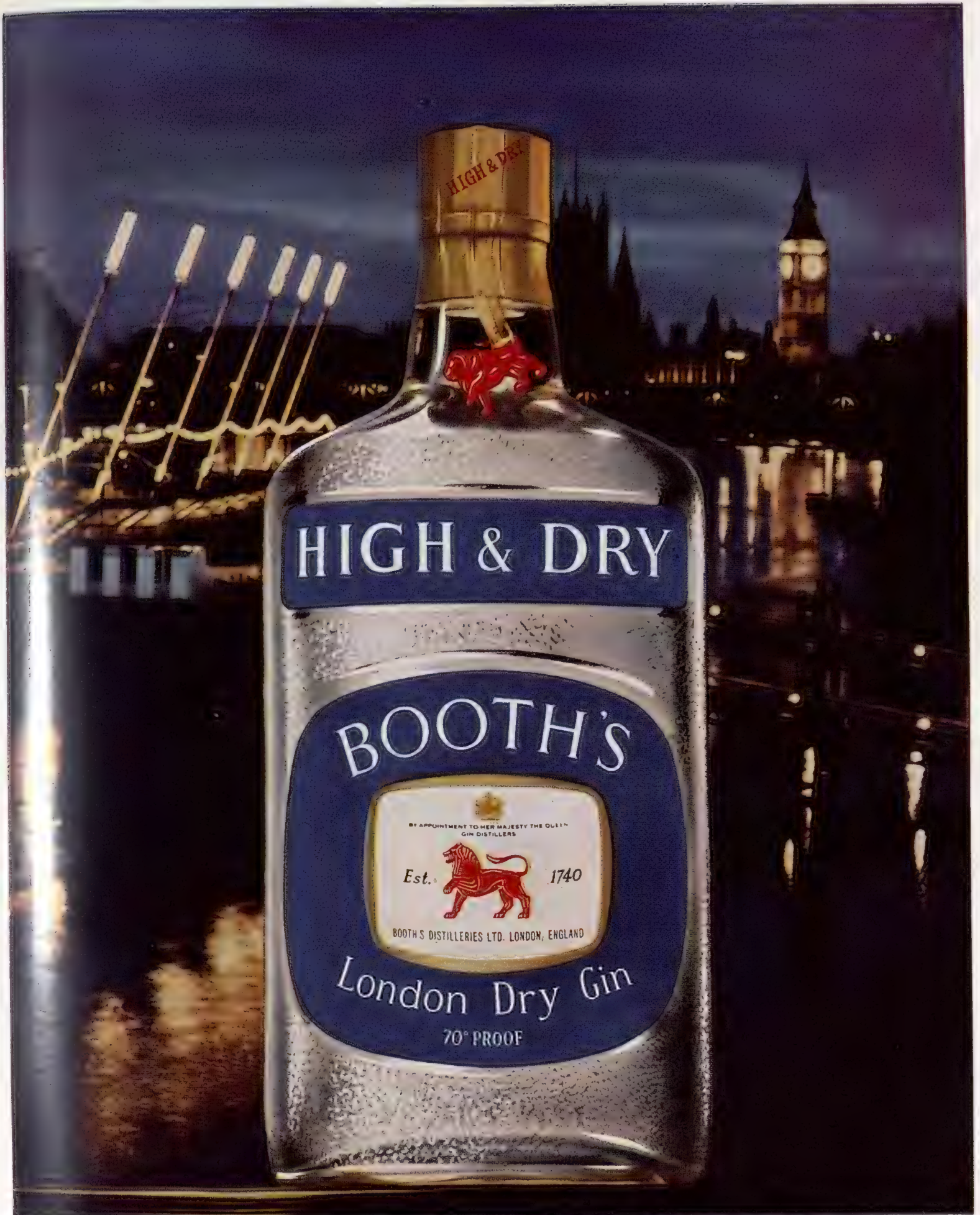
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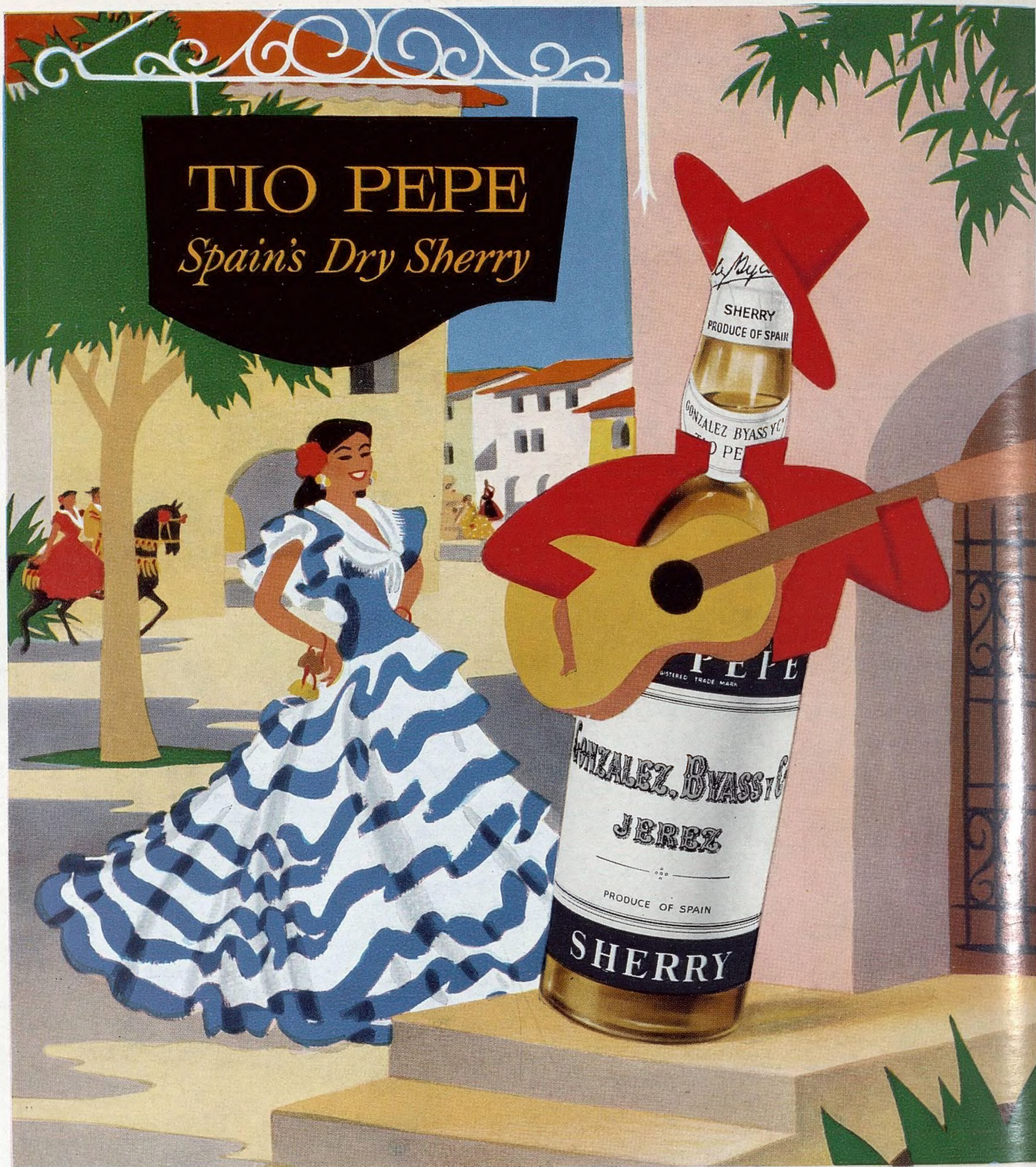
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